

# THE ILLUSTRATED

# LONDON NEWS.



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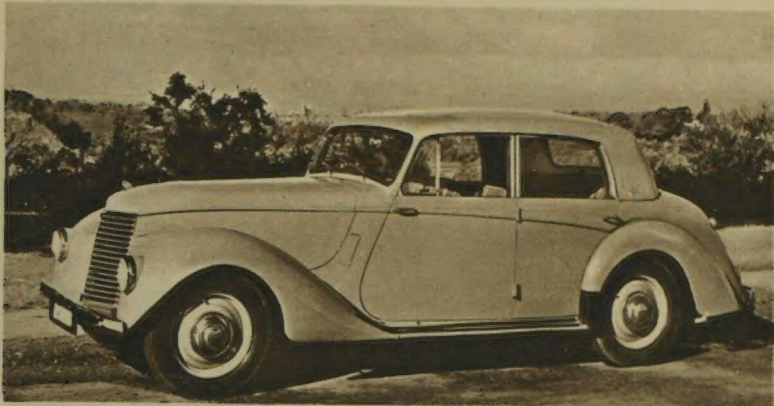




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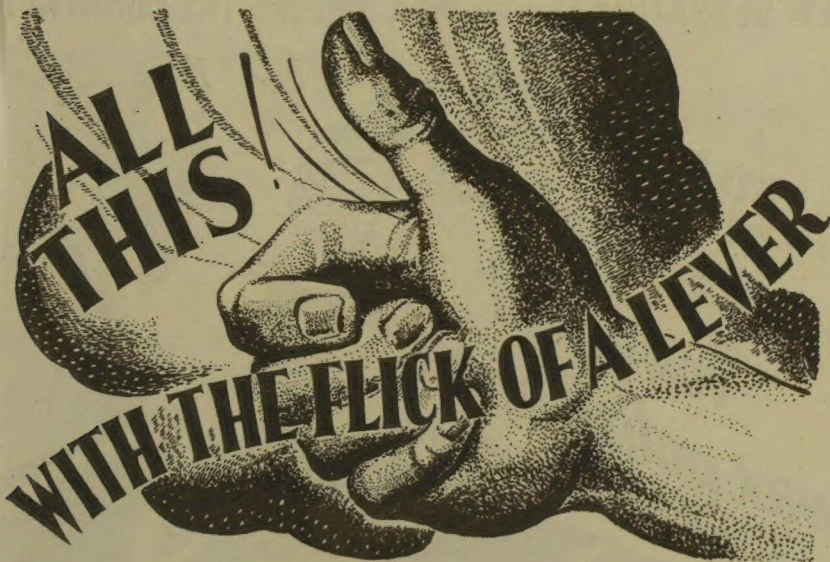
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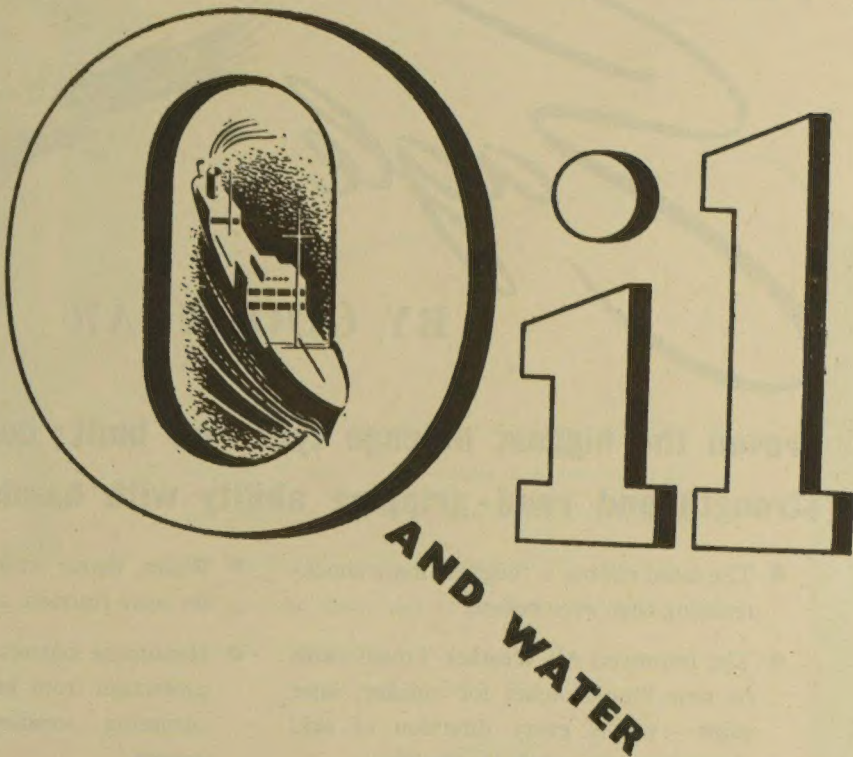
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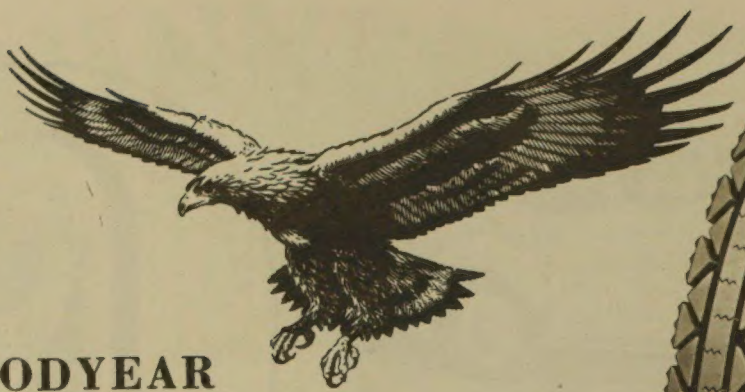
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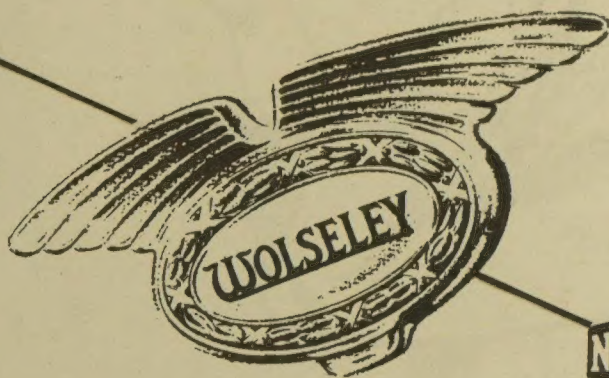






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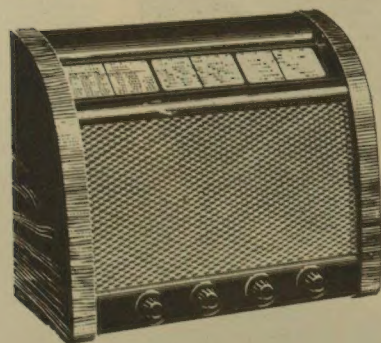


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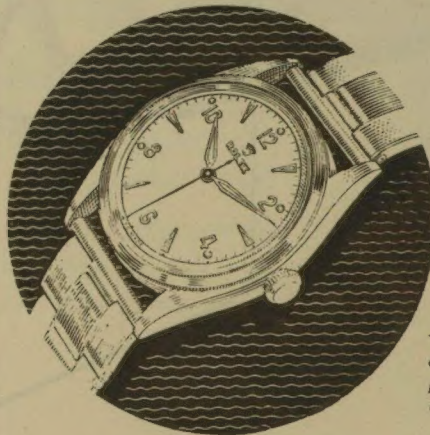
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1951.



**"WI' A THOUSAND PIPERS AN' A', AN' A'": THE HALF-MILE "MARCH OF THE THOUSAND PIPERS" IN EDINBURGH WHICH WAS WATCHED BY HALF A MILLION PEOPLE, THE SCENE AS THE PARADE PASSED ALONG PRINCES STREET.**

"The March of the Thousand Pipers" along Princes Street, which preceded the opening of the Highland gathering at Murrayfield Stadium on August 18, was almost reduced to chaos by the enthusiasm of the crowd. The 500,000 people who gathered along the half-mile route formed the largest crowd ever known to attend a parade of this kind in Edinburgh. The 850 pipers (150 who came from the West could not get through in time) who marched did so with

the greatest difficulty and the crowds overflowed to such an extent that the parade had to be split into two parts and proceed eight abreast all the way, instead of being sixteen abreast in Princes Street as planned. And at times the pipers had to force their way through the crowd. Despite the tumultuous mass of people, the sight of the pipers, the lilt of the pipes and the roll of the drums made it a worth-while occasion for the majority of the spectators.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the saddest consequences of the Industrial Revolution, that has given us rapid transport, artificial heating, running water and sanitation and a thousand other conveniences, is that it has apparently destroyed for so many people the capacity for æsthetic appreciation. Judging by the buildings, furniture and common objects of everyday use they left behind them, our seventeenth- and eighteenth-century ancestors seemed to possess an almost unerring eye for beauty of line and colour; their visual taste was as instinctive and sound as their sense of smell. We are still sensitive to unpleasant odours—probably, indeed, more so than they were!—but, as a result of living for so long amid hideous buildings and objects, we have become impervious to ugliness. The result, unfortunately, is cumulative. Not minding hideous things, because we can no longer see they are hideous, we go on multiplying them for ourselves and our successors, who, if anything, are likely to be even blinder than ourselves. Our machines, whose power is multiplication, confer on us an almost illimitable capacity for doing so.

This tragic blindness seems to me to have been illustrated this summer by the complete indifference with which those in authority and most Londoners appear to view the early demise of the South Bank Exhibition—due, at the time of writing, to close at the end of September—as well as by their comparative and uncritical readiness to prolong the life of the Festival Gardens and Fun Fair in Battersea Park. I will not claim that the latter are any uglier than most of the phenomena of contemporary urban life, for this would be totally untrue; there are many bright, attractive and even beautiful, and here and there a few original and imaginative things at Battersea. But the general effect is as ordinary as that of any other modern exhibition; with its broad, flamboyant walks and purposeless spacing and dull, enervating view facing the duller of all the river stretches left by the Victorian industrial despoilers, it has an air of banality and vulgarity that no details, however lovely and distinguished, can wholly redeem. The hand of rule-of-thumb Bureaucracy and Commerce—those twin, dreary giants that rule our drab, undiscerning modern lives—is heavy upon it, as it is on almost everything else of our age.

Yet I do not feel this to be so of the South Bank. There is much I could criticise in the Exhibition, which in its instructional detail possesses both the merits and faults of the B.B.C.'s Third Programme, of which it is rather like a gigantic projection in three dimensions and gorgeous Technicolor. Viewed, too—except at night—from the North Bank, or from Westminster or Waterloo Bridge, it has nothing very distinguished or satisfying about its external façade which, but for the flags fluttering in the river breeze, one would scarcely notice. Its most arresting feature, the Festival Concert Hall, is of almost startling ugliness; it is a further commentary on the blindness of our age that of all its buildings, this alone is the one we have chosen—on, I believe, excellent musical, though not on æsthetic grounds—for permanent preservation. Yet once inside the Exhibition, and the effect is totally different. It should be approached, in my view, not from the Bailey Bridge—the perfect exit, and particularly at night, when the receding South Bank becomes a fairyland of dancing light and colour—but from the York Road entrance, out of the dreariness of the nineteenth-century industrial slumland from which it has so miraculously arisen. For, approaching from this side, one has from the start a sense of rising expectation, beginning, as likely as not—and it was so in my case—with no expectation at all, and continuing with each unexpected turn and vista until, with a gasp of astonishment, one comes suddenly on the crown and supreme

justification of the Exhibition, that stupendous spectacle from the river's bank. In the course of a few minutes, if one does not linger over the exhibits and peepshows, one passes from the dark and dismal reverse of our nineteenth-century industrial triumph to a sudden vision of England's achievement in time—the grey river flowing like some noble poem to the sea, and the towers of Westminster, Whitehall and Parliament rising in splendid vista beyond. If there is a more significant and breath-taking panorama to be seen in the world I have yet to encounter it. And the Exhibition, as I see it, has been planned expressly to reveal it at the perfect and right moment. In five years of almost incessant talk about planning, it is the first piece of real and successful planning post-war Britain has known.

Indeed, throughout, the South Bank Exhibition is shot through with faith, imagination and purpose. It gives the impression of having been made by a team of youthful enthusiasts who knew what they wanted to

convey and had the inspiration and courage to say it. It has the hallmark of all great art: the determination to impress the imagination through the eye. It is not pretty: it is neither deliberately conventional nor unconventional; it makes few concessions to prevailing fashion, either social or intellectual; it merely sets out, regardless of box-office returns or window-dressing, to communicate to the visitor the same vision of England and her achievements and the sense of what England might be as has been seen and felt by the young artists who planned it. One may not agree with that vision; it may differ widely from that which one has formed oneself, or that one's fathers have formed for one. But, accepting the Exhibition in its entirety, one cannot doubt its authenticity.

To grasp the full achievement of the South Bank Exhibition, one should approach it, as I have said, from the Surrey slums, and walk towards the river. And one should do so by night, or, rather, just before night falls. I have done so three times now, and each time the experience has been more impressive and surprising. Looking at the river's sweep, from the broad terraces of the Exhibition, lit by moving flame and water, it is as though one beheld in a flash the epitome of England's history. I will not say it is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, for in a lifetime a man sees many beautiful things and of many kinds. But I have never seen anything more beautiful, and never expect to. If the life of the Exhibition as a whole cannot be prolonged, its terraces and gardens and lights by the river should be, for their inspirational and educational



PRINCESS ANNE'S FIRST BIRTHDAY: THE BABY PRINCESS WITH HER MOTHER, PRINCESS ELIZABETH, AND HER BROTHER, PRINCE CHARLES, WHO WILL BE THREE IN NOVEMBER.

Princess Anne, daughter of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, was one year old on August 15 and her first birthday was spent at Birkhall, on the Balmoral estate, where there was a quiet tea party which was attended by the King and Queen and Princess Margaret. The baby Princess has blue eyes, and her hair is fairer even than that of her brother. In our photograph the baby is wearing the coral necklace worn by her mother when photographed for her first birthday in 1927.

Portrait by Marcus Adams.

effect is incalculable. And to show that this is something more than a mere personal reaction, I would like to quote from a letter I received a few weeks ago by a reader of this page, the director of a North Country manufacturing company, whose operatives at all levels were coming up to London in batches to visit the Exhibition. "The South Bank," he wrote, "provided a real thrill, and several of our fellows said that even a swift walk round the Exhibition had given them a feeling which they had never previously experienced of what it really means to be British. They expressed their views in different ways, but they were all of the same opinion that the Exhibition was a wonderful inspiration marvellously executed. They just cannot understand the criticisms made by southern people, for to Northerners the Exhibition is something approaching a miracle. Maybe the pageantry of London, including the opening of the Festival and the visit of the King and Queen of Denmark, the illuminated public buildings and the like, gave an added glory to the visit, but it is certain that we all experienced something quite new, which gave us a common feeling whether we were Socialists, Liberals or Conservatives." I find myself in complete agreement with him and them.



## TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD PRINCESS MARGARET: BEAUTIFUL BIRTHDAY PORTRAITS.



IN THE MUSIC ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SEATED UNDER ONE OF THE FAMOUS REMBRANDTS: PRINCESS MARGARET IN WHITE TAFFETA TRIMMED WITH AN APPLIQUÉ DESIGN.



POSED IN THE GOLD DRAWING-ROOM OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE KING'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER IN A DAY DRESS OF PALE BLUE LAWN WITH WHITE POLKA-DOTS.



IN HER WHITE TAFFETA EVENING DRESS TRIMMED WITH A FLORAL DESIGN IN PETALS, PEARLS AND SEQUINS: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO WAS TWENTY-ONE ON AUGUST 21.



IN THE ANTE-ROOM TO THE THRONE ROOM OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: PRINCESS MARGARET IN WHITE TULLE EMBROIDERED WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL AND SEQUINS.

Princess Margaret was born at her maternal grandparents' Scottish home, Glamis; and on August 21 she celebrated her twenty-first anniversary at Balmoral, Scottish residence of the King, her father. On Sunday, August 19, she attended morning service at Crathie Church, Deeside, with the Royal family, and the minister,

the Rev. John Lamb, voiced the sentiments of the whole country when he prayed "That as the years come and go her days may be filled with happiness, that she may dwell in Thy love and in the love of all our hearts." Our "twenty-first birthday" photographs were taken at Buckingham Palace.

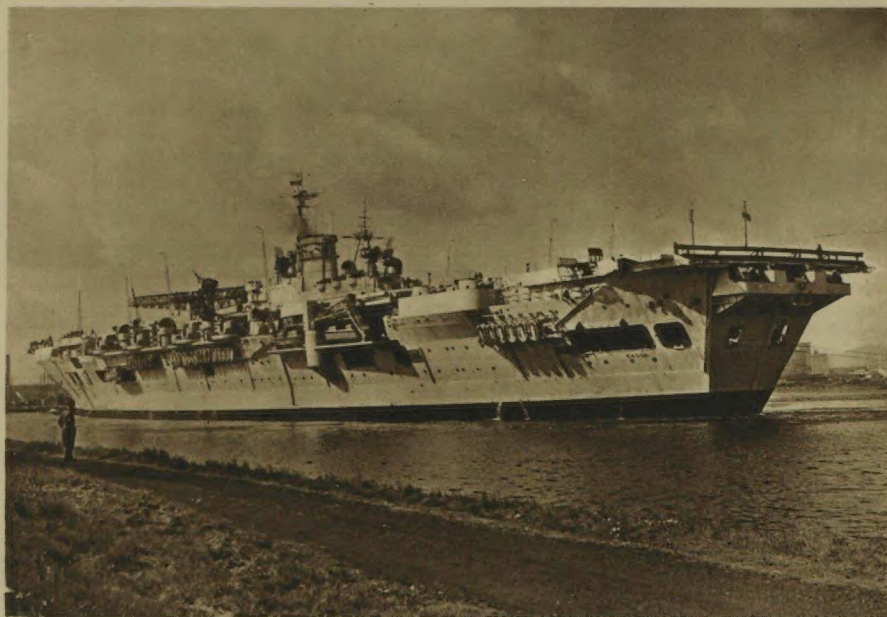
Photographs by Cecil Beaton.





DESIGNED FOR USE AT THE SCENE OF LARGE-SCALE POLICE OPERATIONS, SUCH AS HUNTS FOR SUSPECTED CRIMINALS: A POLICE CARAVAN.

A caravan and trailer designed as a "Mobile Police Station" was demonstrated at Hatfield Park on August 14. It is for use at the scene of large-scale police operations and is equipped with the latest devices for radio and telephonic communication. Low-set sliding windows from the main office allow reports to be given verbally from outside.



BEFORE LEAVING BELFAST FOR LIVERPOOL WITH 400 WORKMEN ON BOARD: THE NEW AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *EAGLE*. HIGH WINDS ON MERSEYSIDE ON AUGUST 19 DELAYED HER DOCKING AT THE GLADSTONE DOCK, WHERE SHE IS TO UNDERGO PAINTING AND TESTS. SHE WAS EXPECTED TO DOCK ON MONDAY, AUGUST 20.



THE *BOURNEMOUTH* SUFFERS A LANDING MISHAP: THE AIRSHIP CAUGHT ON A ROOF AT CARDINGTON.

The new airship *Bournemouth*, which made her first flight on July 19, suffered a mishap on her second on August 16. Coming in to land, her approach was too low and a guy rope caught the railings of a roof at Cardington, bringing her to a halt. The gondola struck the roof. No one was hurt.



A POLICE INNOVATION: A PHOTOGRAPH PUBLISHED BY SCOTLAND YARD AS AN APPEAL TO THOSE REPRESENTED. Scotland Yard have taken the unusual course of publishing this photograph of people in the crowd outside the Star and Garter Hotel, Windsor, on July 8, asking them to come forward as it is possible that they may be able to assist in inquiries into the murder of Christine Butcher, who disappeared that day and was found strangled.



WINNERS OF THE FIRST PRIZES FOR WOMEN AND MEN RESPECTIVELY IN THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE: MISS BRENDA FISHER AND MAREEH HASSAN HAMAD WITH THEIR TROPHIES.

Brenda Fisher and Mareeh Hassan Hamad won the first prizes in the *Daily Mail* Cross-Channel Race (illustrated on other pages). Mareeh Hassan Hamad and the other members of the Egyptian team refused to accept their cash prizes, because of the *Daily Mail's* attitude towards King Farouk.



AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH TWO PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND A NUMBER INJURED: THE SCENE AT CENTRAL STATION, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, AFTER TWO ELECTRIC TRAINS HAD COLLIDED. Two electric trains came into collision at the Central Station, Newcastle, on August 17. One was returning from the coast, the other moving out on the circular route to the coast, when the accident occurred. The driver of the incoming train and one woman passenger were killed.



THE LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS DOUBLY HONOURED: MR. CHURCHILL AFTER RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF DEAL AND BEFORE RECEIVING THAT OF DOVER. The Freedom of Deal was conferred on Mr. Churchill on the morning of August 15, and after lunch he went to Dover for a similar ceremony. Our photograph shows him walking through Deal. On arrival at Dover a salute of nineteen guns was fired from the Castle of which he is the Constable.



## FLIGHT FASTER THAN SOUND, AND NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



A U.S. F.86 SABRE, THE TYPE OF AIRCRAFT IN WHICH AN R.A.F. TEST PILOT FLEW FASTER THAN SOUND OVER BRITAIN FOR THE FIRST TIME ON AUGUST 10. On August 17 it was revealed that an R.A.F. test pilot had flown over Britain a U.S. F.86 Sabre in straight and level flight at over 700 m.p.h. As he passed the "sound barrier," the shock-wave was heard in Aldershot as a loud explosion.



THE FAIR AT PRESSBURG: A SCENE FROM "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" AT COVENT GARDEN, "CONDUCTED BY SIR THOMAS BEECHAM AND PRODUCED BY MR. DENNIS ARUNDELL. Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl" was revived in style at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on August 16. One of the few English operas that has been appreciated by foreign audiences, it had its first night on November 27, 1843, but has not had a full-scale revival for many years.



"THE EAGLE'S NEST," HITLER'S FAVOURITE RETREAT ABOVE BERCHTESGADEN: A DESOLATE SHELL WHICH IS TO BE COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED.



THE END OF THE GRILLE, THE LUXURY YACHT WHICH THE GERMAN PEOPLE PRESENTED TO HITLER: THE FIRST ACETYLENE TORCH CUTS INTO THE SHIP IN A U.S. SCRAPYARD.

Two relics of Hitler's pride and glory recently received their "death warrants." On August 14 the Bavarian Government announced that the Berghof, the famous mountain retreat of the Chancellor, above Berchtesgaden, was to be demolished to prevent its becoming a Nazi shrine; and three days later the scrapping of his yacht, the *Grille*, was put in hand in a New Jersey scrapyard. The yacht had latterly been owned by a Lebanese merchant who found it too expensive to run.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF M. CHEVALLIER, THE NEWLY-APPOINTED FRENCH MINISTER, WHO WAS SHOT ON THE DAY OF HIS APPOINTMENT. Among the Ministers announced in M. Plevin's Government on August 12 was M. Pierre Chevallier, Secretary for Technical Education, Youth and Sports. The same day he was shot dead, his wife calling the police and being subsequently charged with his murder.



EIGHT OF THE TEN ACCUSED OF COMPLICITY IN KING ABDULLAH'S ASSASSINATION, AT THE OPENING OF THE TRIAL BEFORE A MILITARY COURT AT AMMAN ON AUGUST 18. (Photograph by radio.)

Ten are being charged in this trial, two of them *in absentia* (Colonel Abdullah el Tel and Musa Ahmed el Ayoubi, who are considered the ringleaders). The eight shown are (front row, l. to r.) Abdul Kadir Farahat, Zakariya Okka, Abed Okka (these three have pleaded guilty) and Dr. Musa Abdullah el Hussein; (second row, l. to r.) Dr. Daud el Hussein, Father Ibrahim Ayyad, Tawfik el Hussein and Kamil Kaluti.



BY the time this article is read, over two months will have passed since the first serious prospect of a truce in Korea came in sight. Since memories are short and hitches have been complex, it may be worth while to run through once more the progress of the negotiations. The starting-point was the proposal by Mr. Malik, Soviet Russian delegate to the United Nations, on June 23, that an effort should be made to obtain an armistice and peace in Korea by mutual consent. This proposal seemed promising, since it was obviously made with the agreement, and almost certainly at the urgent request, of China. On June 29 General Ridgway sent a message to the Communist command inviting representatives to a meeting. The invitation was accepted, but the suggestion that the meeting should take place aboard a hospital ship off the east coast was refused. Instead, the Communists proposed Kaesong, then in no-man's land, because they felt that to meet in a ship which, though not American, was under American control, would entail a loss of prestige. General Ridgway agreed. After a preliminary meeting of subordinate officers to settle details, the first meeting of the delegates took place on July 10.

The first break occurred on the 12th. The immediate cause was the turning-back of United Nations journalists by armed Chinese troops. General Ridgway took the opportunity to protest against the presence of these troops, which made it appear that the Communists were receiving the United Nations delegation as a suppliant, and to demand that they should be removed before the talks were resumed. Some criticisms appeared to the effect that he had been outmanoeuvred, though on a petty scale. The Communists raised no objection, and the next meeting took place on July 15. Floods caused by torrential rain prevented a meeting on the 20th, and on the following day the Communists asked for a recess to consider the refusal of the United Nations delegates to place upon the agenda an item dealing with the removal of all foreign troops from Korea. Such a proposal, the latter considered quite properly, did not come into the sphere of an armistice, however necessary it might be to a final settlement. Compromise was reached after a resumption on July 25, an item embodying "recommendations to the Governments concerned" on this question being substituted for the offending words. The next break took place on August 5, on a further violation of the neutralised conference area by armed Chinese troops. Once more the talks were resumed on August 10, but there was deadlock over the first substantive item on the agenda, the question of an armistice line and buffer zone to be cleared of opposing forces.

All that had then been achieved since the Malik broadcast on June 23 was that the delegates had actually met and that they had agreed upon a brief agenda. No progress had been made in reaching agreement upon the points in this agenda. Meanwhile land operations had continued on a small scale, mostly on the initiative of the United Nations, to the deep resentment of China and the Communist forces. United Nations naval forces were more active, and air forces still more so. The Chinese did not appear to have reinforced their armies in Korea to any serious extent, but their transport had been observed to be moving in considerable strength. There was every reason, including their own announcements, to suppose that their air force was being built up. Here was manifestly one of the main reasons why United Nations air forces kept up their attacks. They had to do all in their power to prevent the Chinese from using the time spent in discussion to such purpose that an entirely different situation in the air would arise in the event of the negotiations being broken off. On the other hand, Peking Radio accused General Ridgway of spinning out the talks in order to occupy the wet season, which might be held to be to the disadvantage of his forces.

The United States authorities in Tokyo and Washington have none the less never wavered in their belief that the Chinese sincerely and earnestly desired an armistice and would in the long run be prepared to make concessions in order to obtain it. All experience of negotiation with Communist States suggests that an intractable and stubborn attitude, with a background of churlishness, are part of their stock-in-trade—indeed, the Chinese standard of politeness has here been a good deal higher than that to which the world has been accustomed elsewhere. For the Chinese especially the question of face is of high importance; it always has been in their country and special circumstances exist to make it vital in Korea. The Chinese Communist Republic has intervened in a war in which it has come face to face with the most powerful nation in the world. It has to a large extent failed in its

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CHINESE IN KOREA.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

designs, but at the same time has made a showing very creditable to its troops in view of the disadvantages under which they have fought, and certainly unexpected by the world at large. Not only from the point of view of world politics, but also from that of prestige at home, it must spread the illusion that it has been completely victorious. Its superficial aversion to compromise may thus not prove a true guide to its intentions. Such at least is the view of the United States.

The other notable feature of Chinese policy is that, apart from the fundamental basis of Communism and from relations with Soviet Russia, China is engaged in the pan-Asiatic campaign, on a minor scale where the issue does not seem pressing, but on a great scale where it does, as in Korea. In this respect she is not directly actuated by Communism. The

Communist ideology, but there might well be.

While, therefore, I do not care to contradict the American view, founded upon more information than is at my disposal, that China will come to terms because she needs an armistice so much, I am inclined to think that the difficulties ahead are immense and that the negotiations will be long-drawn-out. The agenda for an armistice discussion is a trifling matter which one would have expected to see drawn up in a few days at most. An armistice itself is no more than a breathing-space, a cessation of hostilities not definite, but arranged in the hope that it will enable a settlement to be reached. Since an armistice commits the belligerents to nothing permanent and can, in fact, be broken off by either side on notice given in due form, it would be reasonable to assume that a settlement would be far more difficult and take far longer to attain. (The final settlement with Turkey after the First World War took longer to reach than hostilities with that country had lasted.) I do not mean to be unduly pessimistic. Matters may hereafter move more rapidly than has been the case up to now, but if the present rate of progress were to be maintained the diplomats would still be at work on the Korean question this time next year.

In the long run, the Chinese behaved with restraint over the dispute about the "foreign troops" in the agenda. Up to the time of writing, their attitude to the problem of an armistice front has been more obstinate. The demand that the United Nations forces should withdraw up to a distance of forty miles or more from a front which they had conquered by a great effort, and which they found far preferable from the defensive point of view to the front immediately south of the 38th Parallel, is obviously unreasonable. There has been a disposition, even in our own circles, to regard this discussion as a series of manoeuvres for advantage almost of a diplomatic character, one side trying to outwit or bluff the other. It is, in fact, a more serious controversy. It involves, or might involve, the safety of the United Nations forces, above all: the land forces. General Ridgway would, so far as the outside observer can judge, be taking unjustifiable risks, not merely giving the enemy a counter, if he agreed to the Communist demands for a neutralised zone of twenty kilometres, with the 38th Parallel as its centre. This is not to say that a measure of compromise is impossible; in fact, I earnestly hope that it will have been achieved before these remarks appear in print.

Prophecy about the future, immediate or more distant, can be of small value at this stage. It is manifestly the desire of this country to re-establish tolerable relations with China, whatever her effective Government. We have a long history of fruitful trade with that country, which we should be glad to restore to its former prosperity. I shall not here discuss the justice of the British Government's action in recognising the present Chinese Government at a time when that of the United States refused to do so, but it can be taken for proof of a desire to exist together, if not in amity, which is hardly likely, at least not in continual embroilment. This prospect and, indeed, much more is prejudiced by the present attitude of the Communist delegates, doubtless assumed on the instructions of the Chinese Government. If such a tragedy should occur as the breakdown of the armistice negotiations over the inadmissible pretensions of the Communists, it seems possible that the pressure of public opinion in the United States would lead to an extension of the war on the lines advocated by General MacArthur.

Up to the time of writing there has been no hint that the negotiations might be broken off and no suggestion that a time-table might be introduced. This is the right policy. Maddening as are the delays and obstruction, the issue is so serious that there should be no talk of patience becoming exhausted. When the two sides arranged for the discussions to take place, even those who thought they would be troublesome felt that at least the danger of the war spreading farther and lighting fresh fires outside Korea had been averted. We can still hope that they were right, yet we can hardly feel as confident on that score as we were early in July. Korea remains not only the scene of war but also a powder barrel which a spark from its conflagrations might still reach. I have written on the subject in serious vein because I feel that easy optimism now would be misplaced. Yet, if the Americans are correct in the belief that the Chinese desire an armistice then, in view of the fact that they themselves and their partners in the United Nations want it also, there must be solid grounds for hope that at least that much will be attained.



WHERE THE COMMUNIST AND UNITED NATIONS DELEGATES HAVE BEEN HOLDING NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ARMISTICE IN KOREA SINCE JULY 10: THE CONFERENCE SITE AT KAESONG WHICH CONSISTS OF THE MAIN CONFERENCE HOUSE (CENTRE, RIGHT, BEHIND THE TRUCKS) AND THE BUILDING QUARTERING THE COMMUNIST DELEGATES (CENTRE, IN DISTANCE). IN THE FOREGROUND UNITED NATIONS DRIVERS, WITH JEEPS AWAIT, THE UNITED NATIONS DELEGATES, WHO ARE IN CONFERENCE IN THE MAIN BUILDING.



ON THE WAY BACK TO KAESONG, AFTER A CONFERENCE WITH GENERAL RIDGWAY IN TOKYO: VICE-ADMIRAL ARLEIGH BURKE, LEADER OF THE UNITED NATIONS TRUCE DELEGATION (CENTRE), WITH REAR-ADMIRAL ARLEIGH BURKE (LEFT) AND GENERAL L. C. CRAIGIE MAKING THEMSELVES SECURE IN A HELICOPTER BEFORE TAKING OFF FROM KIMPO AIRPORT.

This week Professor Falls recalls the events that have taken place since the first serious prospect of a truce in Korea came in sight over two months ago. He discusses the present stage of the negotiations when—at the time of writing—no apparent progress towards agreement is being made and says: "Maddening as are the delays and obstruction, the issue is so serious that there should be no talk of patience becoming exhausted."

Government of India favours the same crusade, and, though its policy may well lead to the spread of Communism in its country, it is itself anti-Communist. However much Soviet Russia may have encouraged the entry of China into the Korean War, there is no reason to suppose that she needed strong urging or that her intervention was not part and parcel of her normal and consistent international policy. Were Ho Chi Minh to be completely overthrown by the French in Vietnam, there is little doubt that China would intervene in comparable strength in that country, and at least as much because Ho Chi Minh is an Asiatic as because he is a Communist. So far there has been no clash between pan-Asiatic and



## AT HOME AND ABROAD: A SCRAPBOOK OF NEWS EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



**A CLASH BETWEEN YOUNG COMMUNISTS AND THE WEST BERLIN POLICE: EAST AND WEST BERLIN POLICE CONFERRING IN THE STREET, WATCHED BY THE YOUNG "INVADERS."** The first organised demonstrations by young Communists in West Berlin after the opening of the Youth Rally occurred on August 15 in the American and French sectors, and led to violence between them and the West Berlin police. The "invaders" were met by mobile squads of police, who turned hoses on them.



**THE PRESERVATION OF DARTMOOR: A VIEW FROM THE AIR OF WIDDECOMBE-IN-THE-MOOR AND SURROUNDINGS, INCLUDED IN THE DARTMOOR NATIONAL PARK, FOR WHICH A DESIGNATION ORDER HAS BEEN SIGNED.** The chairman of the National Parks Commission, Sir Patrick Duff, signed the Dartmoor National Park (Designation) Order on August 15. The area of the National Park comprises approximately 365 square miles, all in Devon, and includes the whole of Dartmoor Forest and the townships of Buckfastleigh, Moretonhampstead and Widdecombe.



**THE WINNING DESIGN FOR THE NEW COVENTRY CATHEDRAL, BY MR. BASIL SPENCE, SHOWING THE WEST ELEVATION; WITH (INSET, ABOVE) THE SECOND PRIZE-WINNING DESIGN, BY MR. W. P. HUNT, SHOWING THE SOUTH ELEVATION.**

On August 16, the result of the competition for the design of a new cathedral for Coventry, linked with the ruins of the old, was announced. The three assessors (Sir Percy Thomas, Mr. Edward Maufe and Mr. Howard Robertson) awarded the first prize of £2000 to Mr. Basil Spence, of Edinburgh and London, the second of £1500 to Mr. W. P. Hunt, of Cambridge, and the third of £1000 to Major A. D. Kirby, of Swindon: 219 designs were submitted. In the winning design the ruins are treated as a memorial garden, at right-angles to the new cathedral.



**AN ENTERPRISE WHICH FAILED: A MALLARD WITH HER BROOD IN A WARTIME STATIC WATER TANK IN FLEET STREET. THE DUCKLINGS HAVE SINCE DIED.** A mallard duck which succeeded in rearing a family of five at the edge of a wartime static water tank in Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, subsequently lost her brood. The ducklings, found floating lifeless in the water, were thought to have died from lack of suitable foodstuff.



**THE FIRST TUNNY-FISH OF THE SEASON: MR. H. E. WETHERLEY WITH THE TWO, HE CAUGHT OFF SCARBOROUGH ON AUGUST 19.** The first two tunny to be landed at Scarborough this season were caught by Mr. H. E. Wetherley some 50 miles off Scarborough on August 19. Each fish took about 1½ hours to land and the weights were 617 lb. and 555 lb. Mr. Wetherley is a past-president of the British Tunny Club.



**THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" AS A FEATURE OF AN AMERICAN EXHIBITION: A VIEW OF THE EXHIBIT AT THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY, CALIFORNIA.** The Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery at San Marino, California, is celebrating the centenary of the Great Exhibition of 1851 with a special display in which volumes of *The Illustrated London News* of that date and the 22-ft.-long coloured panorama produced by this paper are featured. Our photograph shows the Assistant Curator, Mr. W. A. Parish, with one of the volumes and behind him the long panorama. He says that these exhibits "certainly set the atmosphere of the period better than almost any of the coloured lithographs in our collection."



# "A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE IN HIS DAY."

"BLAKE'S HAYLEY: THE LIFE, WORKS AND FRIENDSHIPS OF WILLIAM HAYLEY"; By MORCHARD BISHOP.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE title of this book is a sad illustration of "Time's Revenges." The author, in order to identify his subject, has felt obliged to describe him as "Blake's Hayley": in the hope, it seems, that the obscure name of the patron-poet may attract attention if it is sailed into the sky attached to the kite of the patronised poet. It would have been very different when the two men were still alive: attention might have been attracted to Blake, the humble engraver, by describing him as "Hayley's Blake," the protégé of the beneficent Sussex squire and connoisseur who was also the then illustrious poet of "The Triumphs of Temper." Happily Mr. Morchard Bishop's book does not live down to its title. The difficult Blake has certainly helped to keep Hayley's name alive. He had a talent for writing rememberable couplets and quatrains. He wrote:

A nasty cheating knave I knew—  
Oh, Mr. Cromek, how do you do.

and

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died  
All Nature was degraded;  
The King dropped a tear  
In the Queen's ear  
And all his pictures faded.

which many of them certainly did, owing to Sir Joshua not taking enough notice of the amount of bitumen in his paints. Similarly, Blake threw off couplets, in effect cruel, though possibly meant as merely jocular, about Hayley. One is quoted on the jacket of this book:

Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache:  
Do be my enemy for friendship's sake.

There are others: in one it is kindly suggested that Hayley was begotten by his mother-out of his father. With the rise of Blake to fame Hayley, in the books, has sunk into ignominy: Swinburne wrote, in relation to the parentage lines: "With this couplet tied to his tail, the ghost of Hayley may perhaps run further than his own strength of wind or speed of foot would naturally have carried him; with this hook in his nose, he may be led by his 'good Blake' some way towards the 'temple of memory.'" But the truth is that if Hayley had never met and tried to help the incompatible Blake, Mr. Bishop, at this date, might still have been prompted to write his biography as what Browning would have called a "Person of Consequence in his Day," as the friend of Gibbon, as the friend of Cowper who pre-

served Cowper's letters, as the friend, even, of Anna Seward, the "Swan of Lichfield," and as a hard-working poet who, like some in all periods, obtained a fleeting fame because his sentiments were attuned to those of his time, but who did leave a few lines worthy of preservation. Most of Hayley's verses are tedious to a degree, concocted like the couplets which adorn Christmas cards or are revealed on little strips after Christmas crackers have been tugged. Yet there were moments when strong feeling led him to that accuracy and sincerity of statement, the necessity of which for good art, had he been made aware of it when young, might, present in his mind, have saved him from a wilderness of falsity and dullardry (we still have our variants of these, see recent verse almost *passim*), and never more so than in those lines which he wrote on his death-bed. He saw "the swallows gathering together on his turret to make ready, once again, for their autumn departure," and he wrote:

Ye gentle birds, that perch aloof,  
And smooth your pinions on my roof,  
Preparing for departure hence,  
Ere winter's angry threats commence;  
Like you, my soul would smooth her plume  
For longer flights beyond the tomb.

\* "Blake's Hayley: The Life, Works and Friendships of William Hayley." By Morchard Bishop. 22 Illustrations. (Gollancz; 25s.)

May God, by whom is seen and heard  
Departing man and wandering bird,  
In mercy mark us for His own,  
And guide us to the land unknown.

Those lines were not written by "Blake's Hayley," but by Hayley, a soul emerging from a partly comfortable, partly comic, and partly disastrous life here on earth.

Comfortable it was, on the whole. He inherited money; he went to Eton and Cambridge; and he was



WILLIAM HAYLEY, 1745-1820. FROM A MEZZOTINT (1779) BY JOHANN JACOBÉ, AFTER A PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY.  
British Museum photograph.

able to set up young as a country gentleman in Sussex and a householder in London. Comic, in rather a tragic way, it was: his first wife, reluctant to be a wife in the full sense, encouraged him to beget a child on a housemaid—which promising lad, before his premature death, was a full member of the household—a fact which ought to recommend Hayley to the enthusiasts who worship Shelley not so much for the music of his verse as for the variety of his affections. Disastrous it was, because, even before he died, his fame as a poet was fading, and, after his death, this naïf, industrious "Hermit of



WILLIAM HAYLEY IN LATER LIFE. FROM A DRAWING (c. 1810) BY GEORGE ENGLEHEART.  
By Courtesy of F. H. A. Engleheart, Esq.



WILLIAM COWPER, 1792. FROM A PASTEL BY GEORGE ROMNEY, PAINTED AT EARTHAM.

By permission of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery. Illustrations reproduced from the book "Blake's Hayley" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Victor Gollancz, Ltd.



MR. MORCHARD BISHOP, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Morchard Bishop, who is already well known as a novelist, has now turned his hand to biography, and his life of William Hayley, the first full-length biography of him ever written, is reviewed on this page. His previously published books include "The Star Called Wormwood," "The Song and the Silence," and "Valerie."

Eartham" has been relentlessly pursued by the dervish-dancers who surround the effigy of Blake and hasn't been given a chance.

Mr. Morchard Bishop has given him more than a chance: he has erected a monu-

ment to him. Biographies of eighteenth-century characters come out fairly frequently nowadays: as a rule they cover familiar ground and give us very little "new" information. Biographies of all sorts seem: as a rule they tend towards "debunking." Mr. Bishop's book is a welcome exception. He has chosen for subject a man, eminent in his day and deserving of remembrance if only for his devotion to Cowper, who has had no former biographer and about whom he tells us many new things: and, instead of being a debunker he is what I suppose our present rulers in Whitehall and Downing Street would call a "dis-debunker." He shows a healthy propensity towards clearing reputations rather than towards destroying them.

His book, fortified by countless quotations from letters and poems, is delightful reading throughout: he manages to be consistently amusing without ever being cheaply smart: he has a proper contempt for those who despise the good if they are not devastatingly clever; and his fundamental view of Hayley conforms to Southey's verdict that "everything about the man was good—except his poetry." But (and I speak as one who waded, bewildered, through "The Triumphs of Temper" as a schoolboy), although I

cannot regret this piece of rescue work, I must say that I should like to see Mr. Bishop's great talents, his sense, his humour, his sympathy, his fairness, his scholarship (Hayley was a gentleman and a scholar but a bit of a bore) employed on the life of somebody who needs, not rescuing, but adequate commemoration.

Why not Cowper? "Their reputations," he says himself, "are too closely intertwined for them to be separated; and Hayley cannot be destroyed until

WILLIAM BLAKE. FROM A PENCIL DRAWING (c. 1803) BY JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.  
By Courtesy of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton. Oxford University Press electrotype.



Cowper is destroyed. That will not be to-morrow. Hayley, I think, would have been well content that the last word of his *Life* should be the name of Cowper." "Cowper's Hayley," in other words, would have been a more suitable title for this book than "Blake's Hayley," though, admittedly, Cowper is in the wings now and Blake in the limelight. Cowper has not been entirely neglected in our day: Lord David Cecil wrote his exquisite book, "The Stricken Deer," about him. But that, exquisitely written and penetrating, dealt entirely with the tormented soul, and took little account of the quite voluminous works. Mr. Bishop has a knowledge of the century and its personalities, a critical judgment, an unashamed heart and a cool brain which should enable him to write a classic book on Cowper, at once recording the man, his outer life and his friends, and the quiet and frequently perfect poet. Grateful as I am to him for making a very good book out of a man from whose presence, had I known him, I think I might have fled, I should be still more grateful were he to make clearer to me the personality of one whom I know I should have loved.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 304 of this issue.





WHERE VILLAGERS HAVE WORSHIPPED FOR A THOUSAND YEARS: LITTLE MISSENDEN CHURCH, THE SUBJECT OF AN APPEAL.

The church of St. John the Baptist, Little Missenden, can justly claim to be nearly, if not quite, 1000 years old, for substantial parts of its existing fabric date from the Saxon or pre-Conquest period—that is, c. 950-1000 A.D. Our drawing of this beautiful building shows the nave, looking east towards the Sanctuary, which may be seen through the chancel arch which, in common with the nave walls, contains Saxon work, while Roman brickwork is distinguishable partly exposed in the chancel arch. The Saxon nave walls, originally the outer church walls, were pierced during the Norman period (c. 1120-60) and the arches seen in the drawing were added to form aisles. On the left may be seen an over-lifesize figure of St. Christopher, a wall-painting of the thirteenth century, in excellent condition. This and many other murals of the same period and later were uncovered by the Vicar, the Rev. W. H. Davis, who retired last year, from beneath layers of whitewash and plaster. Before literacy was general murals

and stained-glass windows were the people's Bible. The Puritans obliterated many interesting wall-paintings in English churches and often covered them with "black-lettering" texts. Fragments of such texts are discernible over the chancel arch in our drawing. The fine timber roof dates from c. 1340, and replaces an earlier and lower roof. As recorded in *The Illustrated London News* of February 18, 1950, the church suffered from an attack by thieves, who stripped the lead covering the north aisle roof, laying bare nearly 400 square feet. The cost of re-covering the roof with copper (the cost of new lead being prohibitive) and making good the ancient timber was estimated at £500, and £400 has been raised, but further examination has shown that the total bill for complete repairs will amount to £650, and a fresh appeal has been launched. Contributions may be sent to Miss Wilson, "Westbrook," Little Missenden, Amersham, Bucks, and cheques should be made payable to "Little Missenden Church Roof Appeal."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

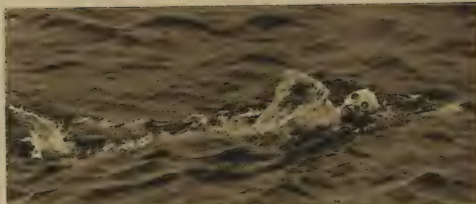




AT GRIZ NEZ BEFORE THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE ON AUGUST 16: COMPETITORS, ALREADY GREASED, ARE STANDING IN THE CIRCLE ON THE BEACH WHICH RECALLS A RACECOURSE PADDOCK PARADE RING.

### THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL

The second of the International cross-Channel swimming races organized by the *Daily Mail* took place on August 16, in fine weather, and eighteen competitors from ten countries successfully reached England from Griz Nez, France. The finish was extremely close, for an Egyptian, Mareeh Hassan Hamad, of the Army School of Mechanics, Cairo, who landed at Shakespeare Cliff, Kent, at 7.42 p.m.,



SHOWING HER STYLE: MISS BRENDA FISHER, OF GRIMSBY, WHO, AS FIRST WOMAN TO REACH ENGLAND, HAS WON A PRIZE OF £1000 IN THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL SWIMMING RACE.



AFTER LANDING AT DORE POINT, ST. MARGARET'S BAY: MISS BRENDA FISHER, WHOSE TIME OF 12 HOURS 42 MINS. ESTABLISHED A NEW WOMAN'S RECORD FOR A CROSS-CHANNEL SWIM.



THE FIFTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD COMPETITOR WHO SWAM FROM ENGLAND TO FRANCE EIGHTEEN DAYS PREVIOUSLY: "NED" BARNIE.



FIRST WOMAN AND FOURTH COMPETITOR TO REACH ENGLAND: TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD MISS BRENDA FISHER.

won the £1000 prize by one minute from the Frenchman Roger Le Morvan (who was second last year also). They had been swimming neck and neck for the last part of the race, although divided by five miles of sea. The official times given were: Mareeh Hassan Hamad, 12 hrs. 12 mins.; Roger Le Morvan, 12 hrs. 13 mins. The winner fell a few yards before reaching the beach and crawled to shore over



COLLAPSING ON THE BEACH BELOW THE CLIFFS BETWEEN DOVER AND ST. MARGARET'S BAY: TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD ROGER LE MORVAN, WHO WAS BEATEN INTO SECOND PLACE BY ONE MINUTE. HIS TIME WAS 12 HRS. 13 MINS. AND FOR THE LAST FIVE MINUTES HE HAD BEEN SWIMMING NECK AND NECK WITH THE WINNER—THOUGH FIVE MILES APART.



THE WINNER OF THE INTERNATIONAL CROSS-CHANNEL RACE, IN WHICH EIGHTEEN OF THE TWENTY COMPETITORS SUCCEEDED IN REACHING ENGLAND: MAREEH HASSAN HAMAD, WHO LANDED AT SHAKESPEARE CLIFF, DOVER, AT 7.42 P.M. ON AUGUST 16, WINNING THE RACE BY ONE MINUTE, IN THE TIME OF 12 HRS. 12 MINS. HIS VICTORY WAS SIGNALED BY A VERVEY PISTOL.

### COMPETITORS, AND THE "PADDOCK" BEFORE THE START AT GRIZ NEZ ON AUGUST 16.

seaweed-covered rocks. He had already swum the Channel twice, in 1949 and last year, when he came in third. Miss Brenda Fisher, daughter of a Grimsby trawler skipper, was the first woman home and fourth in the race. She has won the £1000 prize for women competitors, and set up a woman's record with her time of 12 hrs. 42 mins. One of the most remarkable feats was that of

W. E. ("Ned") Barnie, fifty-five-year-old Scot, fifth in last year's race, who had swum from England to France eighteen days previously. He is the fourth man to have swum the Channel both ways. He scrambled over the rocks on reaching the English shore, and started to sing "The Rose of Tralee." He was the last man home, with a time of 15 hrs. 1 min.



# KNOWN FROM BOTTLE LABELS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD: FAMOUS CHÂTEAUX OF BORDEAUX.



SITUATED ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE GARONNE, SOME TWENTY-FOUR MILES ABOVE BORDEAUX: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SAUTERNES REGION, WHERE IS PRODUCED THE RICHEST OF WHITE WINES.



GATHERED WHEN "THEY ARE SO OVER-RIPE THAT THE SUGARY JUICE SWEATS THROUGH THE CRACKING SKINS": A BUNCH OF SAUTERNES GRAPES COVERED WITH *LA POURRITURE NOBLE*

Mid-September marks the climax of the vineyard year in France, and soon the *vendages* will be in full swing in the Bordeaux district, where the photographs reproduced on these pages were taken by MM. D. Darbois and G. Grafoulière, with the co-operation of M. Jean Moulin. They show some of the châteaux whose names are known all over the world from the labels on the bottles of wine for which the district is famous. One of the most important areas is



WHERE THE FINEST OF ALL SAUTERNES WINES IS PRODUCED: A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS CHÂTEAU D' YQUEM, SURROUNDED BY VINEYARDS AND WOODLAND.



NOTABLE FOR THE PERFECT ORDERLINESS OF THE VINEYARDS: A VIEW OF THE CHÂTEAU LAMOTHE, IN THE SAUTERNES REGION, SOUTH OF BORDEAUX.



IN THE BARSAC REGION, TWENTY-THREE MILES SOUTH-EAST OF BORDEAUX: THE CHÂTEAU CAILLOU, WHOSE WHITE WINE IN GOOD YEARS IS AMONG THE BEST OF ITS CLASS.

Sauternes, with Château d' Yquem producing the finest wine in a good year, and Château Lamothe also producing an admirable white wine. Sauternes wine is made in a radically different way from Graves and, to quote J. M. Scott in "Vineyards of France" (Hodder and Stoughton): "The Sauternes grapes—Sémillon and Sauvignon—are left until they have begun to rot on the vines. More precisely, they are left growing until they are so over-ripe that the sugary



# THE BIRTHPLACE OF SOME FAMOUS FRENCH WINES: BORDEAUX, AND ITS CHÂTEAUX VINEYARD.



UPON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE DORDOGNE, TO THE NORTH OF BORDEAUX: A VIEW OF THE CHURCH AT ST. EMILION—A COMMUNE SMALL IN AREA AND GREAT IN WINE.



SITUATED TO THE SOUTH OF THE COMMUNE OF STE.-CROIX-DU-MONT, ON RISING GROUND DOMINATING THE RIGHT BANK OF THE GARONNE: THE CHÂTEAU LOUBENS.



PRODUCING WHITE WINE CLASSED AMONG THE BEST OF THE HAUT-BARSAC: THE CHÂTEAU CAMPEROS, WHICH IS SEPARATED FROM ITS VINEYARDS BY A PARK.

juice sweats through the cracking skins and the micro-organism *Bortrytis cinerea* feasts and multiplies upon it, becoming visible as a grey-green dust which scatters at a touch. This is what gives the exaggerated bouquet, the rich and luscious flavour to the wine." The next largest of the white wine Communes of the Gironde is Barsac, represented here by the Châteaux Camperos and Caillou. Médoc is represented by the Chateau Mouton-Rothschild, in the Commune of



SHOWING THE TWO WINGS BUILT OUT TO CONTAIN THE GROUND-LEVEL PRESSING AND STORAGE ROOMS FOR THE WHITE WINE: THE CHÂTEAU DES MAILLES, AT SAINTE-CROIX-DU-MONT.



IN THE "LIBRARY" OF VINTAGES AT THE CHÂTEAU MOUTON-ROTHSCHILD: SOME OF THE OLD BOTTLES COVERED WITH THE ACCUMULATED DUST OF HALF A CENTURY.

Pauillac, a show-piece with a "library" containing a few bottles of every vintage. Sainte-Croix-du-Mont, an area which also is well known for its white wine, is represented by the Châteaux Loubens and des Mailles. Small in area, but famous for its red wines, historic Saint-Emilion, which was granted a charter by the English King John, is represented not by one of the many châteaux within the Commune, but by the church, which is typical of the ancient town.





1. ONE OF THE LOUNGES IN THE UNIVERSITY UNION BUILDING, WHICH WAS CONVERTED INTO A REST- AND TEA-ROOM FOR THE SCIENTISTS. 2. (L. TO R.) SIR RICHARD SCOTT, SIR JOHN RUSSELL AND PROFESSOR C. W. HUME. 3. LISTENING TO A LECTURE: (L. TO R., FRONT ROW) PROFESSOR J. KENNER, SIR JOHN L. SIMONSON, PROFESSOR A. R. TODD, PROFESSOR G. V. MARLAN AND PROFESSOR W. G. KERNACH, WHO TOOK

HIS SHIRT IN 1951 AFTER MEETING WITH A LABORATORY ACCIDENT DURING RESEARCH. 4. MISS M. M. LAWLER, WHO READ A PAPER ON "BELIEF IN A STANDARD OF JUDGMENT AND ITS INFLUENCE ON PERSONAL PREFERENCE." 5. DR. A. MEIKLEJOHN ADDRESSING THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION. 6. LISTENING TO DR. MEIKLEJOHN'S PAPER: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (THIRD FROM LEFT), ROYAL PRESIDENT OF THE

# THE 113TH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, AT WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESIDED:

The 113th annual meeting of the British Association, which was marked this year by the presence of the Duke of Edinburgh, F.R.S., as President of the Association, has been described as one of the most successful assemblies ever held, and has added a further contribution to the Festival of Britain. It was thirty years since the Association last met in Edinburgh. After the brilliance of the opening by the

Duke of Edinburgh on August 8, the members of the British Association settled down in their various sections, on August 9, to the main business of their week's conference. When the meeting ended on August 15 the final membership was 4012, making it the largest gathering of scientists in the United Kingdom, with the exception of the centenary meeting in London. The general theme of the meeting



BRITISH ASSOCIATION. 7. SIR ANDREW M. BRYAN (RIGHT) DISCUSSING A POINT WITH MR. RYVS JONES. 8. PROFESSOR JAMES KENDALL ADDRESSING FELLOW-MEMBERS. 9. LISTENING TO PROFESSOR GILDING: PROFESSOR WINIFRED COLLIS AND PROFESSOR H. S. RAVER. 10. DR. HANDED AND DR. C. F. A. FARTIN (RIGHT). 11. LISTENING TO A PAPER ON CHEMISTRY: PROFESSOR J. W. COOK. 12. DR. R. C. MARTIN (SHATED RIGHT)

AND DR. P. ROFFEY (LEFT). 13. DR. A. PARKER AND PROFESSOR A. R. TODD (LEFT). 14. PROFESSOR H. A. GILGIM (LEFT) IN CONVERSATION. 15. DR. CHARLES FLETCHER WITH PROFESSOR A. V. HILL (RIGHT), PRESIDENT-ELECT. NEXT TO PROFESSOR HILL IS THE MRS. MRS. CHARLES FLETCHER (PARTLY HIDDEN). DR. FLETCHER IS DIRECTOR OF THE PSYCHOLOGICAL RESEARCH UNIT, LLANDOUGH HOSPITAL.

# SCENES AT EDINBURGH DURING ONE OF THE MOST

was a centenary review of British science and technology, which was the subject of the Duke of Edinburgh's presidential address. In addition to the thirteen sectional meetings which were held concurrently from August 9 to August 15, there were three evening discourses delivered in the Usher Hall. The administrative headquarters were in the University Union buildings in Park Place, where special

# SUCCESSFUL ASSEMBLIES OF THE ASSOCIATION.

arrangements included a well-equipped Press room, a bookstall, a bank, a post office, a snack-bar and dining-room, road and rail travel bureaux, telephones, and many committee and secretarial rooms. The meeting next year will be held in Belfast from September 3 to 10 under the presidency of Professor A. V. Hill, F.R.S. The 1953 meeting will be held in Liverpool.





**A 'HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF: BERLIN AS SEEN FROM THE AIR, WITH THE REICHSTAG (BRITISH SECTOR) IN THE FOREGROUND AND BEYOND IT THE RUSSIAN SECTOR OF THE CITY.**

The photograph reproduced here and those on other pages in this issue were taken from a helicopter over Berlin and present a vivid picture of the city of to-day—a war-scarred stage where East and West face each other and extol the

merits of their respective methods of government. During the Communist youth rally Berlin has been a house divided against itself—divided not by the boundaries of the sectors of the Occupying Powers but by intangible boundaries

of the spirit. Our photograph shows the shell of the burnt-out Reichstag in the British sector, with the Russian sector in the background. It will be remembered that the building was set on fire on the night of February 27, 1933, and that

this act of arson was followed by the famous Reichstag trial, when the Nazis attempted to fasten the crime on the German Communists. The building was erected in 1884-94 from the designs of Paul Wallot.





SHOWING IN THE FOREGROUND THE TIERGARTEN (BRITISH SECTOR) AND THE BRANDENBURG GATE, BEYOND WHICH STRETCHES THE UNTER DEN LINDEN, IN THE RUSSIAN SECTOR: A VIEW FROM A HELICOPTER OVER BERLIN, WITH THE AMERICAN SECTOR ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.



IN THE AMERICAN SECTOR OF BERLIN: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE WAR-DAMAGED ANHALTER RAILWAY STATION, WITH (IN CENTRE, BACKGROUND) THE REICHSTAG BUILDING, IN THE BRITISH SECTOR, AND, IN RIGHT BACKGROUND, THE RUSSIAN SECTOR. THE BOUNDARIES OF THE THREE SECTORS MEET JUST BEYOND THE STATION.

#### A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF: VIEWS OF THE RUSSIAN, BRITISH AND AMERICAN SECTORS IN BERLIN.

Following the withdrawal of the Russian representatives from the Kommandatura on July 1, 1948, a separate Municipal Government and ancillary services were set up and Berlin became a city divided against itself, but the Western sectors have successfully withstood the pressure exerted by the sector occupied by the U.S.S.R.—the initial blockade being defeated by the Western Allies' air-lift, and

subsequent propaganda and demonstrations having little effect. Our photographs were taken from a helicopter over Berlin on August 11, and show the city as it is to-day, still bearing the scars of the Allied bombing. The lower photograph is of especial interest in that just beyond the Anhalter Station is the only point where the boundaries of the American, British and Russian sectors meet.





THE SETTING FOR THE EAST BERLIN COMMUNIST WORLD YOUTH FESTIVAL OF PEACE: A VIEW OF THE WALTER ULBRICHT STADIUM FROM THE AIR: THE STADIUM IS NAMED AFTER THE DEPUTY PREMIER OF THE EASTERN ZONE OF GERMANY



THE ONLY POINT WHERE THE RUSSIAN, BRITISH AND AMERICAN SECTORS MEET: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE POTSDAMER PLATZ; SHOWING LEIPZIGERSTRASSE (MARKED WITH A STAR), WHICH DIVIDES THE SOVIET AND AMERICAN ZONES (ON RIGHT), AND THE BRITISH SECTOR, IN FOREGROUND.

**A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF: AERIAL VIEWS OF BERLIN SHOWING THE POTSDAMER PLATZ AND WALTER ULBRICHT STADIUM.**

The Russian-sponsored Communist World Youth Festival of Peace held in East Berlin has presented an opportunity for some 500,000 Communist youths to visit the Western sectors of Berlin, which shows, as Major-General Mathewson, the U.S. Commandant, has said, that "freedom has an irresistible attraction for young people who for years have been exposed to nothing but repetitious Communist

slander and slogans, and who hunger for the truth." The opening ceremony of the Festival was held in the Walter Ulbricht Stadium. Our lower photograph shows the only point at which the boundaries of the U.S., British and Russian sectors meet. On the right of the Leipzigerstrasse lies the U.S. sector, while the Soviet sector is on the left. The British sector is in the foreground.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### QUAGGAS AND ZEBRAS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A RECENT report that the quagga may still be extant in Southern Africa was bound to be received with caution by those most fitted to comment on it. The chances against the report being substantiated are, it is suggested, likely to be heavy. This is not to say that further news will not be awaited with interest. The quagga has almost taken its place with the dodo, and little more remains to us of it, although it became extinct—or supposedly so!—as recently as 1878. The true quagga (*Equus quagga quagga*) belonged to the group of wild horses collectively known as zebras. Its upper parts were reddish brown, with darker stripes on the head, shoulders and fore-parts. The hind-parts were lighter, and without stripes, and the legs, undersides and tail were whitish. Its ears were smaller, its mane more upstanding and its tail more heavily haired than others of its genus. It seems, however, to have been variable, for although it was usually striped on the fore-parts only, some individuals had indications of stripes on the body also.

Early settlers in the south-east of Cape Province found quaggas in abundance, usually in troops of fifty or more, often associated with ostriches or with gnus. Another notable feature was their precision in manoeuvring in single file or in squads, an impressive sight, but one which assisted their end. By the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, those south of the Orange River had been wiped out for their meat and hides. The same process continued to the north of the river, in the Orange Free State, and some thirty years later the quagga was gone.

Possibly less interest would have been shown in the quagga but for the fact that in the early nineteenth century, or even before, a number of this animal were tamed and exported to Europe, several being exhibited in zoos. Sir William Jardine has recorded that a Mr. Sheriff Parkins broke a pair in to harness and was often seen driving behind them in Hyde Park in a phaeton. It is probably solely for these reasons that there are as many as seventeen complete specimens in the museums of Europe. Certainly most of them are from zoos. One lived in the London Zoo for six years, dying in 1864, when its skin was mounted and is still in the British Museum (Natural History). Another lived in the same Zoo for twenty-one years, until 1872, and was the only quagga known to have been photographed alive. In South Africa, where the animal lived in such numbers, the only relic remaining is a foal, killed in 1860 at Beaufort West, and now mounted in a museum.

The African striped horses, or zebras, are divided into three species. The largest, the most northerly, is the handsome Grevy's zebra (*E. grevyi*), living in open country in Southern Abyssinia, Somaliland and the Northern Frontier District of Kenya, and often associated with the oryx. Up to 5 ft. at the shoulder, its body, marked with closely-set stripes, it is sufficiently strongly marked off from other zebras that some zoologists have suggested it belongs properly to a separate species. A second species is the mountain zebra (*Equus zebra*) of South Africa. This species shows the characteristic gridiron pattern on the rump. Its history is almost as tragic as that of the quagga. The typical Cape race still exists only, through the

protection afforded it by a few landowners, on whose property small troops still survive on the rugged, stony hills. In 1937 a census taken of the Cape mountain zebra, the smallest of all zebras, with a complete and close striping, showed a total of no more than forty-five in the whole of Cape Colony. A larger sub-species, Hartmann's mountain zebra, survives in greater numbers in South-West Africa and South-West Angola. It lives in arid desert country and, in the dry season, has to paw through the sand to find water.

true quagga (*E. quagga quagga*) to the still abundant common or Boehm's zebra (*E. quagga boehmi*) of Kenya and Tanganyika, where it is one of the more showy inhabitants of the game reserves. Between these two there are a number of related sub-species, or races, extending north to Angola in the west, and to Kenya in the east of Africa. Although to the expert or experienced eye there is no chance of confusing the quagga with any of the variations shown in the common or plains or Boehm's zebra—the complete absence of striping from the hind-part of the quagga's body is quite distinctive—there is sufficient resemblance in certain cases to lead to confusion.

Formerly, in the Orange Free State and in Southern Bechuanaland, there was a further sub-species, Burchell's zebra (*E. quagga burchelli*), which shared the quagga's fate. It inhabited the area to the north of that occupied by the true quagga, and in part their territories overlapped. As its haunts were opened up to human settlement, it too was hunted for its flesh and hide, and became extinct. The last living specimen was received in the London Zoo in 1909, and all that now remains of it are three mounted specimens in England, and a few in museums elsewhere. Burchell's zebra had a completely striped body,

with well-marked shadow stripes (that is, lighter and narrower bands between the broad, blackish stripes). Its legs were unstriped and the tail was white. Confusion is also possible here, for many sportsmen consistently use to-day the name Burchell's zebra for the common or plains zebra.

Zebras are handsome and showy animals, bound to attract attention, even among the wealth of big game so abundant at one time in Africa, as that continent was being opened up. Their popularity, we may be sure, and our familiarity with their appearance and name, is largely due to the heaven-sent gift of the initial Z to compilers of pictorial alphabets for juveniles. This apart, they seem to have owed their popularity to some extent to the efforts made to break them in to harness, as with the quagga, though they were less docile in captivity. Boehm's zebra is particularly untrustworthy and vicious; and it is not popular in the vicinity of game reserves. A herd in panic flight from a lion will break through even a barbed-wire fencing.

The classification and recognition of the various sub-species of zebras, quaggas and bontequaggas offers unusual difficulties and are very much tasks requiring

specialist knowledge. We have already seen that there is a good deal of intergrading, and if we add to this the assurance of those who know these animals well in the field, that their appearance varies considerably in different lights, a wide scope is opened up for error in recognition. The guarded attitude to Dr. Lundholm's report, obtained from native hunters, is understandable, especially since other similar reports have been received from time to time and have always been shown to be without foundation, or due to the native hunters using the word quagga, or its native equivalent, for a wide range of zebras. Captain G. C. Shortridge investigated many of these reports and collected over wide areas of suitable land in South Africa before coming to the conclusion that the true quagga was, indeed, as dead as the dodo.



"EARLY SETTLERS . . . FOUND QUAGGAS IN ABUNDANCE, USUALLY IN TROOPS OF FIFTY OR MORE, OFTEN ASSOCIATED WITH OSTRICHES OR WITH GNUS": A HERD OF QUAGGAS ON THE PLAINS OF THE VAAL RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA, FROM A SKETCH MADE BY MR. THOMAS BAINES, F.R.G.S., IN OCTOBER 1850 AND PUBLISHED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JANUARY 18, 1868.

A hundred years ago, as our drawing shows, the quagga was to be found in large herds in South Africa. Twenty-eight years later it became extinct, and although there have been reports that it has been seen since, notably in 1940, when the animals proved to be a small herd of Hartmann's mountain-zebra, it is considered that the recent report that a Hottentot tribesman had seen a quagga in South-West Africa will prove to be a case of mistaken identification.



BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN THE ONLY QUAGGA PHOTOGRAPHED ALIVE: A UNIQUE RECORD OF AN ANIMAL WHICH BECAME EXTINCT IN 1878 ALTHOUGH ABUNDANT IN SOUTH AFRICA ONLY TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS EARLIER, AS SHOWN IN OUR DRAWING ABOVE.

The quagga shown in this photograph lived at the London Zoo for twenty-one years, until 1872, and was the only one of its kind known to have been photographed alive. There are a number of mounted specimens in museums. Photograph by Courtesy of the Zoological Society of London.

The third species which has the shadow stripes included the unfortunate quagga. Perhaps it would be safer to refer to a group rather than a species, for not all writers on the subject are agreed on the rank to be accorded the several forms included here. The quagga, for example, used to be given the full rank of a species, whereas present-day authorities regard it as no more than a sub-species. The name quagga itself is no less a cause of confusion. Derived from the Zulu, it represents the animal's call-note, and the Boer hunters used the name not only for the quagga as we now understand it, but for zebras related to it. Moreover, there are several sub-species of *Equus quagga*, as now understood, and so far as the striping of body and leg is concerned there seems to be something of a gradation from the



THIS splendid portrait of Isabella de Bourbon, or Elizabeth of France, as she is often called, daughter of Henri Quatre and Marie de' Medici, and sister of Henrietta-Maria, Queen of our King Charles I., is by Diego Rodriguez da Silva Y Velasquez (1599-1660), and was formerly in the collection of King Louis-Philippe. It is one of the two masterpieces (the other being Rubens' "The Dance") round which Frank Sabin's Festival Summer Exhibition at his new galleries, Park House, Rutland Gate, centres. Apart from the importance of this Velasquez portrait as a work of art, it has points of exceptional interest. Original representations of Isabella de Bourbon, first wife of Philip IV. of Spain, are rare on account of her avowed dislike of having her portrait painted. It is known that Velasquez painted an early likeness of the Queen, and though the original is lost, a copy from the master's studio exists and has been in Denmark since 1663. It is now in Copenhagen Museum. This painting shows the sitter at full length, standing turned three-quarters to the left, a white feather held in her hair by a jewelled band, a deep ruff, white undersleeves and a black hooped dress enriched with narrow stripes of gold braid. The dress itself is embroidered with gold frogging. Her right hand rests upon the back of a chair and her left hand holds a fan. Curtis notes that, except for the ornament on the dress, this painting by an unknown Spanish artist is similar to the Louis-Philippe full-length. Mayer calls it a work of Velasquez's studio which must be derived from a lost original painted c. 1628-29. Now careful examination of the Louis-Philippe picture during cleaning revealed beneath the surface of the paint traces of all the distinctive features of the Copenhagen picture. It is known that even before hundreds of years of accumulated dirt and varnish were removed it had been possible to discern that numerous alterations had been made in the portrait, yet the significance of these had remained unsuspected. Now expert opinion is satisfied that the "lost" early portrait of the Queen is beneath the surface of the Louis-Philippe picture. The original of the Copenhagen portrait was painted c. 1628, a date which fits with the fashion of dress and the master's style at that period, but, as we see it, wholly repainted and improved by the more developed Velasquez, it is certainly several years later. The tone has that silvery quality not to be found prior to the Italian visit (1629-1631), and the face of the sitter is more mature. It has been deduced that originally there must have been a portrait of Philip IV., companion to the Louis-Philippe picture of Isabella de Bourbon. Hitherto this has not been identified, but it may well be that the "Silver Philip" of the National Gallery, identical in size with the Louis-Philippe Isabella, and according with it in the age of the sitter, the fashion of his dress and the style of the painting is this companion picture. Isabella de Bourbon, two years older than Philip, was betrothed to him in 1615. Her life was devoted, as far as was then possible, to the welfare of the Spanish people, and when in 1642 Philip IV. was called to the war in Catalonia she was appointed Regent (*Gobernadora*), an office which she filled faithfully and well. Indeed, the strenuous nature of this task undermined her health, and on October 6, 1644, she died of a fever, universally beloved and mourned. It will be recalled that the celebrated equestrian portrait of Queen Isabella by Velasquez hangs in the Prado. This was completed early in 1635.



A MASTERPIECE AND THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF A "LOST" VELASQUEZ: A PORTRAIT OF ISABELLA DE BOURBON, FIRST WIFE OF PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN; BY DIEGO VELASQUEZ.



# THE TREND OF MODERN BRITISH SILVER DESIGN: A FESTIVAL EXHIBITION.



A MAZER BOWL, DESIGNED AND MADE BY OMAR RAMSDEN, 1931. A WEDDING GIFT TO THE LATE LORD NORMAN FROM THE LONDON CLEARING BANKERS, LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY THE LADY NORMAN.



A SILVER ROSE-BOWL WITH PIERCED LID DESIGNED BY J. E. STAPLEY, ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART, LONDON. A FESTIVAL PIECE COMMISSIONED BY BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS, WHO HAVE LENT IT FOR EXHIBITION.



A MOUNTED GOLD FLAGON, DESIGNED BY THE LATE SIR EDWIN LUTYENS AND MADE BY H. G. MURPHY, 1933. PART OF THE EXHIBITION LOAN BY ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



CANDELABRUM, DESIGNED BY E. G. CLEMENTS AND MADE BY PADGETT AND BRAHAM FOR E. T. BIGGS AND SONS, 1951. A FESTIVAL PIECE LENT BY GROSVENOR HOUSE HOTEL, LONDON.



CEREMONIAL SALT DESIGNED BY C. J. SHINER AND MADE BY STANLEY G. MORRIS. A FESTIVAL PIECE WHOSE DESIGN IS AN INTERESTING ADAPTATION OF THE OLD FORM. LENT BY THE SALTERS' COMPANY.



ROSEWATER DISH DESIGNED BY R. M. Y. GLEADOWE AND MADE BY E. BARNARD AND SONS. LENT BY BIRMINGHAM CORPORATION.

THE Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths have celebrated Festival Year by organising two exhibitions of outstanding importance at Goldsmiths' Hall. The first, it will be remembered, was a display of the historic plate of the City of London, covering some four centuries of silversmithing; the second, which opened early in July and will continue until August 31, is designed as a tribute to the creative genius of present-day British craftsmen, and is devoted to contemporary British silverwork, including ceremonial plate. The pieces on view include examples of ceremonial plate specially commissioned to commemorate the Festival of Britain. These are not only important as modern

[Continued below, left.]



ROSEWATER DISH DESIGNED BY J. L. AULD AND MADE BY E. BARNARD AND SONS FOR HICKLENTON AND PHILLIPS, 1939.

Continued.]

works of art, but they are also significant as marking a new form of patronage for the contemporary British silversmith, because many were commissioned by commercial concerns, and thus form the beginning of a new link between commerce and fine British silversmithing. Modern silver pieces have also been lent by their Majesties and members of the Royal Family, St. Paul's Cathedral, a number of churches, civic authorities, institutions, clubs, colleges, the Bank of England, City Livery Companies and private individuals. Many historic

events are recalled by the pieces of plate on view. For instance, the rosewater dish designed by R. M. Y. Gleadowe, engraved by C. T. Friend, and chased by B. J. Colson, which has been lent by the Corporation of the City of Birmingham, was the gift of the Goldsmiths' Company to Birmingham to commemorate the golden jubilee of the Birmingham Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association in the Coronation year of King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth. The torch designed by Bernard Cuzner, made by him and Stanley G. Morris,

[Continued opposite.]



## AT GOLDSMITHS' HALL: A DISPLAY OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTSMANSHIP.



A COVERED BOWL, DESIGNED AND MADE BY OMAR RAMSDEN IN 1929, AND LENT BY THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS TO THE EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY BRITISH SILVERWORK AT GOLDSMITHS' HALL, ORGANIZED BY THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GOLDSMITHS.



A TWO-HANDLED BOWL, DESIGNED AND MADE BY OMAR RAMSDEN, 1933. GRACIOUSLY LENT TO THE EXHIBITION AT GOLDSMITHS' HALL (WHICH IS OPEN UNTIL AUGUST 31) BY H.M. QUEEN MARY.



TWO-HANDLED CUP DESIGNED BY R. M. Y. GLEADOWE AND MADE BY WAKELY AND WHEELER, 1939. A GIFT FROM PROFESSOR A. L. GOODHART TO YALE UNIVERSITY, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, WHO HAVE LENT IT TO THE EXHIBITION.



TORCH BY B. CUZNER AND S. G. MORRIS TO COMMEMORATE THE 14TH OLYMPIAD. LENT BY THE GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.



CUP AND COVER DESIGNED BY R. G. BAXENDALE, 1950, TO COMMEMORATE BOBBY LOCKE'S VICTORIES IN THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. LENT BY THE PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION OF SOUTH AFRICA.



CASKET DESIGNED AND MADE BY ARTHUR GASKIN, 1922. A WEDDING GIFT FROM THE CITIZENS OF BIRMINGHAM TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL, WHO HAS GRACIOUSLY LENT IT.



ROSE BOWL, DESIGNED AND MADE BY J. E. STAPLEY, 1951, FIRST PRIZE, GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY FESTIVAL COMPETITION FOR LARGE CEREMONIAL PLATE.

*Continued.*

and engraved by W. Biddle, commemorates the 14th Olympiad held in London; and the rosewater dish designed by J. L. Auld and chased by B. J. Colson was a gift of the Corporation and twelve chief Livery Companies of the City of London to the City of New York to commemorate the New York World's Fair, 1939. The fine golf trophy lent to the Exhibition by the Professional Golfers' Association of the Union of South Africa was made in honour of Bobby Locke's 1949-50 victories in the Open Championship, by

W. E. Jones and Theodore C. F. Wise for Mappin and Webb, and was the gift of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. When writing of this great Company it may be of interest to recall how close to the craft it still is, for it still binds apprentices and admits qualified men as freemen. With the statutory administration of the Hall-marking laws, which it has conducted without reward or profit through the centuries, goes the right to prosecute for infringement of correct standards and the right of search still exercised.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. GUESS THE DATE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IF you are like me, decidedly lazy, but preferring everything to be just so, provided it's not too much trouble—and by that I mean not merely the things about me, but the contents of my head—you will have the whole range of styles and ornament in furniture and porcelain and silver and painting fairly neatly mapped out in your mind, so that in due course you will be able to say with confidence that such-and-such a thing was made about such-and-such a date, and you will feel pretty sure that, taking things by and large, and giving due weight to changes of fashion and so forth, you will not be more than a decade or so out. After a few years of this sort of discipline, you will, if you are not very careful, become something of a menace, laying down the law *ex cathedra*, and growing into an obstinate pundit, from whose pontifications all good men and women will pray to be delivered.

However, there is hope for the worst of us because, before long, we generally find ourselves jumping into some pit or other with both feet, and by the time we have climbed out we may have acquired a modicum of common sense. Here is a little exercise which should induce a becoming humility. Consider these three silver candlesticks. I looked at them as you are looking at them now, and I noted their very slight differences, and said to myself: "Yes, these things were probably made within five years one side or other of 1720," and I think most people would agree that,

Now, if there is one thing which people like myself are fond of pointing out it is that there is a great gulf fixed between the temper of the reign of Charles II. and that of Queen Anne and her successor. We say, and we can produce dozens of examples to prove it, that in the 1680's people wanted elaborate and highly decorated pieces about them, whereas twenty, thirty or forty years later taste demanded smooth surfaces and a becoming sobriety. Far be it from me to assert we are wrong—I am quite sure we are not—but in making these large assumptions we are liable to forget that the favourite style of one generation can have its origin in something that was

earlier than is generally supposed? Such a discovery is most unlikely, but I still ask myself whether, if the styles of candlesticks in the 1680's can be so near those of the 1720's, a few makers of furniture were not already experimenting with ideas which were destined to become the prevailing fashion twenty-five years later, for men do not as a rule wake up one fine morning and say some such thing as: "Hooray! Let's start a new style"; or "Gentlemen, the eighteenth century has dawned—we will usher in the Age of Reason

by inventing a new chair." Fashions creep in by more subtle means—one man modifies this, another enlarges that, and there are all kinds of overlapping and time lags, the more conservative not caring for change, the more lively always on the look-out for some new idea. Then, finally, a definite style which we can reasonably associate with a particular reign or decade becomes the standard—and then the same process happens all over again, and almost before people have grown accustomed to this smooth, nicely figured walnut, enterprising and ingenious cabinet-makers are already persuading them that the only possible furniture for a man of taste is carved mahogany.

Only, I think, in times of violent social change do styles alter violently—for example, before and after the French Revolution; the official style in favour when Napoleon was Emperor was deliberately devised to mark off the new régime from the old. It was politically important to emphasise the difference,

and economically necessary to devise a style less luxurious than the lovely, delicate extravagances of the last years of the monarchy. (I recently touched on the difference between pre- and post-Revolution French Furniture, and hope to discuss it in a future article.

But enough of speculation. I return to orthodoxy—to something as clear and fixed and definite as the date-mark on a piece of silver—and I drag this in here because it's gay and frivolous, and amused many people when it appeared in the Burton sale at



FIG. 1. A QUEEN ANNE SILVER CANDLESTICK, 1708, BY THOMAS FOLKINGHAM.



FIG. 2. A CHARLES II. SILVER CANDLESTICK, 1683, WITH MOULDED OCTAGONAL BASE.



FIG. 3. A GEORGE I. SILVER CANDLESTICK, 1722: BY MATTHEW COOPER.

These three candlesticks "differ from one another in form, but not so much that one could be sure that they span a period of forty years—but they do. Fig. 1 is Queen Anne—1708; Fig. 2 is Charles II.—1683 (the nozzles are Victorian); Fig. 3 is George I.—1722."

current, if not popular, many years previously. Now, there is this about silver which cannot in the nature of things apply to other household goods—there is no arguing with a date-mark. That fixes the year with exactitude. We cannot be certain about a chair or a table. All we have to go on is its style and what we know—often little enough—about the trend of fashion in a particular decade. You see me lapsing into heresy, my pen apparently taking charge and insinuating that perhaps the nice, tidy arrangements of generations of learned historians may not after all be correct in every particular. In fact, no one ever raised a more respectful hat to orthodoxy than myself—it is merely that I like to ask questions sometimes.

I am convinced, for example, that this chair (Fig. 4) was made in the reign of Queen Anne, because everything about it speaks of the first decade or so of the eighteenth century—the plain-shaped splat to the back, the cabriole legs carved at the knees with foliage medallions, the plain club feet. As far as I know, nothing of the sort was in existence twenty years earlier—yet the germ of the design was present in the high-backed walnut chairs of the 1680's and 90's, and you will notice that the elaborate crested top common to many chairs of that period has in this case been refined down to an inch or two.



FIG. 4. TYPICAL OF THE FIRST DECADE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A QUEEN ANNE CHAIR IN WALNUT.

The plain-shaped splat to the back, the cabriole legs carved at the knees with foliage medallions, the plain club feet, are all typical of the first decade or so of the eighteenth century. The elaborate crested top common to many chairs of that period has in this case been refined down to an inch or two.

on ground of style alone, that was a reasonable assumption. First, similarities: octagonal bases, baluster stems. Differences: Figs. 2 and 3 have sunk centres; Fig. 1 has not. Fig. 3 has a circular stem; Fig. 1 hexagonal. All three differ from one another in form, but not so much that one could be sure that they span a period of forty years—but they do. Fig. 1 is Queen Anne—1708. Fig. 2 is Charles II.—1683 (the nozzles are Victorian). Fig. 3 is George I.—1722.



FIG. 5. "HARMONY IN MARRIAGE" AND "DISCORD IN MARRIAGE": TWO FRANKENTHAL PORCELAIN GROUPS, c. 1775, BY CARL GOTTLIEB LUCK.

"The base of 'Harmony in Marriage' is decorated with foliage; that of 'Discord in Marriage' is decorated with broken bottles, and a very pretty moral indeed. Date, round about 1775."

Reproductions by Courtesy of Christie's.

Christie's last year (Fig. 5). Also, I illustrated a lively Frankenthal porcelain group last week, and these two groups provide further evidence of the grace and inventiveness which came from the Palatinate factory. These models are by the same gifted man who devised the garden group, Carl Gottlieb Luck, and they bear the cypher of the prince, Carl Theodor, in blue. The base of "Harmony in Marriage" is decorated with foliage; that of "Discord in Marriage" is decorated with broken bottles, and a very pretty moral indeed. Date, round about 1775.



# ENGLAND DEFEAT SOUTH AFRICA IN THE FIFTH TEST—AND WIN THE RUBBER.



ENGLAND'S MOST SUCCESSFUL BOWLER, LAKER OF SURREY, WHO ALSO MADE THE WINNING HIT: HE HAD A MATCH RECORD OF TEN WICKETS FOR 119 RUNS. HE IS YORKSHIRE-BORN.

A UNIQUE TEST-MATCH INCIDENT: HUTTON OUT IN ENGLAND'S SECOND INNINGS FOR "OBSTRUCTING THE FIELD." HE STRUCK THE BALL A SECOND TIME WHILE PROTECTING HIS WICKET AND IN DOING SO PREVENTED THE WICKET-KEEPER, ENDEAN, FROM MAKING A CATCH. HE HAD SCORED 27.



P. B. H. MAY (WHO SCORED 138 IN HIS FIRST—THE FOURTH—TEST) WAS OUT FIRST BALL (CAUGHT E. ROWAN, BOWLED A. ROWAN) IMMEDIATELY AFTER HUTTON'S DISMISSAL FOR OBSTRUCTION.



THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN'S FIRST INNINGS: F. R. BROWN, CAUGHT BY THE FALLING VAN RYNEVELD OFF A. ROWAN'S BOWLING, AFTER SCORING A SINGLE.



THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN'S SECOND INNINGS: F. R. BROWN HITTING A. ROWAN FOR SIX, IN AN ADVENTUROUS INNINGS OF 40, WHICH TURNED THE TIDE.

When the Fifth and final Test match against South Africa opened at the Oval on August 16, England had won two, South Africa one, and one had been drawn. England therefore needed a victory or a draw to win the rubber. South Africa batted first and were out for 202, E. Rowan scoring 55, A. Rowan 41, Laker taking 4 for 64. England were then out for 194, of which Compton scored 73, while Melle, bowling in his first Test in this series, took 4 for 9 runs. In the South African second innings E. Rowan scored 45 out of a total of 154, Laker

taking 6 for 55 and England were left with 164 to get. Hutton and Lowson started well and had scored 53, when Hutton was given out for "obstructing the field." Apparently in deflecting a ball which had run up his arm from falling on his wicket, he prevented the wicket-keeper from making a catch. This decision has only been given four times in first-class cricket and never before in Tests. England were 4 wickets down for 90, but a 40 by F. R. Brown (which started with three chances) pulled England together and Laker made the winning hit.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## HOUSELEEK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

Three things remain especially in my memory of that museum. The penetrating cold of the house—it was the cold that haunts too many “antique” shops—a tea-service exquisitely decorated with trails of Linnaeus’s name-flower, *Linnaea borealis*, and quantities of *Sempervivum soboliferum* growing all over the rocks in the garden, the original specimen of which is said, on good authority, I believe, to have been planted there by Linnaeus himself. By permission of the custodian I “widge” up a small chunk of the historic houseleek. It has lived ever since in a small stone

age become detached from their parents, and roll about all over the place, hoping to find lodgement, take root, and start a new colony. Many are gathered up, put into match-boxes, and carried off by such visitors and friends as show interest in the plant, or reverence for the great Linnaeus. The naming and identification of houseleeks is a difficult and heart-breaking business. Not only do individual specimens seem to vary from time to time and from place to

place, according to the soil or position they are in, the aspect they are given, and the time of year, but there are, in addition to a large number of definite species, a great many natural and garden hybrids. The best way, for purely garden purposes, is to collect and grow the kinds that please you most at sight, and not bother too much about names. When I had my nursery at Stevenage I felt that I could not wholly ignore the Sempervivums, and yet I had a strong prejudice in favour of sending out plants correctly named. I got over the difficulty by offering a collection of “twelve distinct varieties, each with a high-sounding but unreliable name.”

One most useful virtue which houseleeks possess is their aptness for growing in sunny, stony, barren places where few other plants could exist. With a spoonful of soil on a ledge upon the bare face of a big rock they will settle in and outlive your children’s children. Moreover, a well-established specimen will look, a year after it was planted, as though it might have been put there by one’s great-grandparents. At a Chelsea show many years ago I planted a low, rocky bastion on my rock-garden exhibit, almost solely with Sempervivums, especially the cobweb houseleek, and certainly they gave an air of settled permanence, and camouflaged the fact that the whole thing, rocks and plants, had only been assembled two days before. Collecting, naming, and cultivating a collection of Sempervivums would surely be the ideal hobby for a gardener who was mentally active and physically lazy. Keeping track of the names would give him plenty to think and worry about, and they would require no sort of attention whatever, not even watering.

### THE WEST COUNTRY: A SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLEMENT IN “THE SKETCH.”

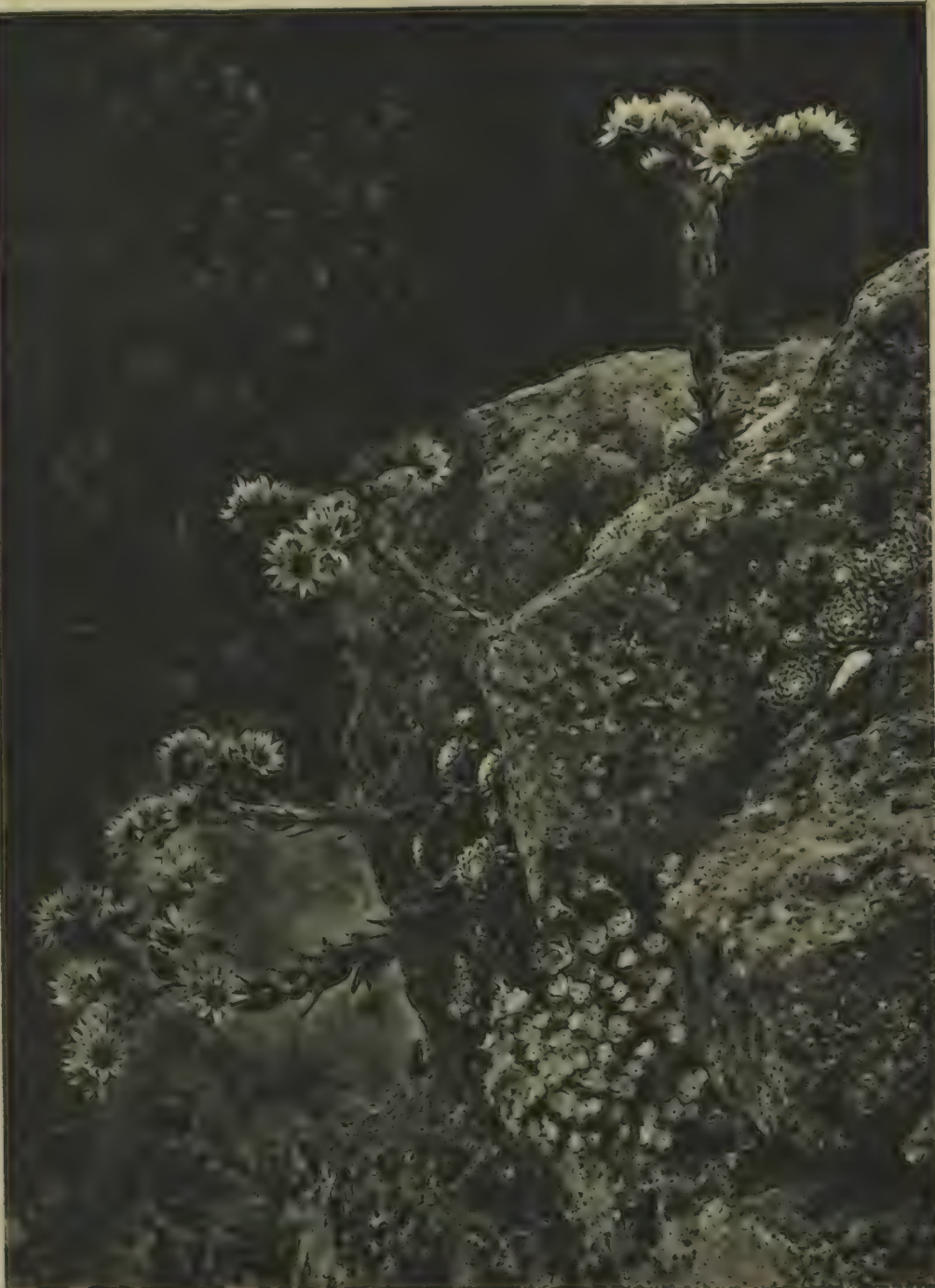
Of particular interest to readers in, and lovers of, the West Country will be the special features in *The Sketch* of August 29. St. Michael’s Mount, the romantic island castle off Marazion whose much-photographed exterior is so well known, has been specially photographed inside its walls by kind permission of Lady St. Levan. The recent Cornish Festival of Drama is represented with fine pictorial treatments at the Minack Cliff Theatre, Porthcurno, and Truro Cathedral. The historically interesting and now reopened Buckland Abbey is shown in both interior and exterior views, whilst the full flavour of Cornwall is completed with a visit to “Trelowarren,” the home of the well-known writer Lady Vyvyan, who also contributes to this issue a special Cornish short story. The photography throughout has been handled by an exhibition photographer of international repute, J. Allan Cash, and the result is one of the most striking West Country supplements ever published.

THE Sempervivums, or houseleeks, are not a race of plants that arouse extravagant emotions in the average gardener’s heart, and being average that is how I feel about

them myself. Many of them have charm, beauty and character, but as far as I am concerned, they have these qualities to a strictly limited degree. But they have their uses. You can plank them down with a minimum of soil and in a maximum of sunshine in places where nothing else would grow, and count upon their prospering for ever without any further attention. As far as I know, only one species, *Sempervivum tectorum*, claims any economic use. It is said to ward off lightning from any building upon whose roof it grows. More than forty years ago I planted a huge wad of *Sempervivum tectorum* on the tiled roof of the first potting-shed that I built at my Stevenage nursery. I obtained it, for a modest sum, from the roof of a tiny lean-to shed in a cottage garden. In all the intervening years no lightning, to my certain knowledge, ever ventured within half-a-mile of my potting-shed. Not that that proves anything. On the other hand, the little lean-to from which I got my houseleek—no, it was not struck by lightning. It just collapsed and fell in. The houseleek was the only thing that had held it together.

Houseleeks once solved a minor garden problem for me in a very satisfactory way. A client whose garden I was planning and planting had a kitchen garden enclosed by a red brick wall, with square brick piers at intervals. He asked me to obtain terra-cotta vases for these piers, and plant them with scarlet and pink ivy-leaved geraniums. I flatly refused to be party to anything so bestial. I pointed out, too, that in the matter of upkeep, the geraniums would entail endless can and ladder work to keep them watered. Instead, I designed and had cut a set of bowl-shaped stone vases, and planted each with a closely-packed mound of Sempervivums. In a quiet sort of way they were most effective, and they had the virtue of needing no attention, not even watering, whilst year after year they increased in splendour as the houseleeks grew, and bulged into ever-larger bosses. If any Sempervivum gets anywhere near my affection it is the cobweb houseleek, *Sempervivum arachnoideum*, with its curious cobweb system of white silken threads stretched from point to point of its rosettes of fleshy leaves. Its heads of almost cherry-red flowers, too, are most attractive. There are two ancient specimens of this houseleek in my garden, growing as hard compact mounds of grey rosettes, in a couple of small stone querns. Such is their fascination that few can resist pressing a hand on to them, to test their firm velvet texture. Another specimen grows on the top of a Cotswold dry-wall in my garden. Although I dumped it there three years ago, with a mere handful of soil for sustenance, it has already spread and draped itself to its surroundings and looks as though it had lived there for ages.

There is one houseleek, *Sempervivum soboliferum*, which I grow almost purely for sentimental reasons. In the winter of 1934 I was in Sweden, and made a pilgrimage with my host to the house and garden of the great Linnaeus at Hammerby. The house is a museum of Linnaeus’s possessions—books, furniture, some of his sartorial finery, his cane, and so forth.



“IF ANY SEMPERVIVUM GETS ANYWHERE NEAR MY AFFECTION IT IS THE COBWEB HOUSELEEK, *SEMPERVIVUM ARACHNOIDEUM*, WITH ITS CURIOUS COBWEB SYSTEM OF WHITE SILKEN THREADS STRETCHED FROM POINT TO POINT OF ITS ROSETTES OF FLESHY LEAVES. ITS HEADS OF ALMOST CHERRY-RED FLOWERS, TOO, ARE MOST ATTRACTIVE.” [Photograph by J. R. Jameson.]

quern in my garden, which it fills to overflowing. Overflowing is quite literally true, for the main, densely congested mass of almost globular green leaf rosettes spend their whole time in producing innumerable minute replicas of themselves, which at a very tender

St. Michael’s Mount, the romantic island castle off Marazion whose much-photographed exterior is so well known, has been specially photographed inside its walls by kind permission of Lady St. Levan. The recent Cornish Festival of Drama is represented with fine pictorial treatments at the Minack Cliff Theatre, Porthcurno, and Truro Cathedral. The historically interesting and now reopened Buckland Abbey is shown in both interior and exterior views, whilst the full flavour of Cornwall is completed with a visit to “Trelowarren,” the home of the well-known writer Lady Vyvyan, who also contributes to this issue a special Cornish short story. The photography throughout has been handled by an exhibition photographer of international repute, J. Allan Cash, and the result is one of the most striking West Country supplements ever published.

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## SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK



THE DEATH OF A GREAT FRENCH ACTOR AND PRODUCER: M. LOUIS JOUVET.

M. Louis Jouvét, one of France's greatest actors and producers, died on August 16, aged sixty-four. Although he was at his best in the theatre, he was better known in Great Britain as a film actor—in "Carnet de Bal," "La Kermesse Héroïque," "La Fin du Jour," and other pictures.



MR. ERIC SHIPTON.

Leader of a small party which the Himalayan Committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club is sending out to investigate the south-western aspect of Mount Everest. This side can only be approached through Nepal, whose Government have granted the privilege.



ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE E. CREASY.

To be C-in-C., Home Fleet, in succession to Admiral Sir Philip L. Vian, with effect from next January. Vice-Chief of Naval Staff since 1949, and immediately previously Fifth Sea Lord, he was, in 1943, the youngest Rear-Admiral on promotion at that time, having been born in 1895.



MR. BASIL SPENCE.

Winner of the competition for the design of a new cathedral at Coventry. Mr. Spence, who has been awarded the first prize of £2000, practises in Edinburgh and London, and has already made his mark as an architect. He designed the Sea and Ships building at the South Bank Exhibition.



MR. VYVYAN ADAMS.

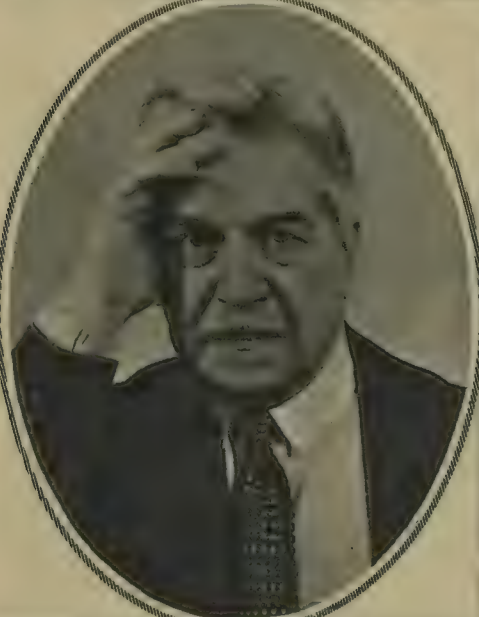
Drowned while bathing at Gunwalloe Church Cove, Cornwall, on August 13, aged fifty-one. He was Conservative M.P. for West Leeds from 1931-45. Called to the Bar in 1927, he was a member of the Executive of the League of Nations Union, 1933-46, and of the U.N. Association since 1948.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



AN AMERICAN SINGER AS "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"

AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS ROBERTA PETERS. Sang the part of Arline in Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl," which was revived at Covent Garden on August 15, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham and produced by Mr. Dennis Arundell. Miss Peters, who is twenty-one, comes from New York and is making her London début in the revival of this famous old opera.



MR. ARTUR SCHNABEL.

The Austrian-born pianist, Mr. Schnabel, who two months ago had to give up his Festival Hall engagement, died on August 15 in Switzerland, aged sixty-nine. He played frequently in England, and from 1926 taught in the Berlin State Academy. He spent the war in the U.S.A. and became an American. A great interpreter of Beethoven and Schubert, he also composed, but in a somewhat arid modernistic manner.



SENT TO BECHUANALAND TO TEST THE ATTITUDE OF THE BAMANGWATO:

MR. H. L. BULLOCK, MR. D. M. LIPSON AND PROFESSOR W. MACMILLAN. The observers sent to test the attitude of the Bamangwato to the return of Tshekedi, the former Regent, as a private citizen, left Bechuanaland for Swaziland on August 19. Their method of conducting inquiries has roused comment. The Bamangwato leaders failed to attend the African Advisory Council at Gaborone on August 17. Tshekedi's faction is believed to desire the return of Seretse as chief; as the Seretse faction would then tolerate the return of Tshekedi.



MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

Died at Beverly Hills, Cal., on August 14, aged eighty-eight. Editor and owner of numerous publications, he carried sensational journalism and mammoth newspaper proprietorship to very great lengths. He pursued an anti-British policy for many years. Though his methods often offended taste, his papers sometimes acted as public watch-dogs. He was twice elected to Congress (1903-7).



NOW VISITING BRITAIN: MR. WILLIAM J. MCKELL, WHO HAS BEEN GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA SINCE 1947. Mr. William J. McKell, Governor-General of Australia, arrived at Tilbury on August 16, accompanied by Mrs. McKell and their son and daughter. During his visit Mr. McKell will be received by the King; he is to return to Australia at the end of the year to prepare a reception in connection with the Royal tour of the Commonwealth in 1952.



UNITED NATIONS MEMBERS OF THE KAESONG SUB-COMMITTEE: MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY HODES (LEFT) AND REAR-ADMIRAL ARLEIGH BURKE (RIGHT).



COMMUNIST MEMBERS OF THE KAESONG SUB-COMMITTEE: MAJOR-GENERAL HSIEH FANG (LEFT) AND MAJOR-GENERAL LEE SONG-CHO (RIGHT).

In a further attempt to reach agreement on the demarcation of a demilitarised zone in Korea four representatives have been delegated by the main armistice conference. The Communists appointed Major-General Lee Song-cho and Major-General Hsieh Fang, a North Korean and a Chinese officer respectively.



TO BE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN MOSCOW: SIR ALVARY DOUGLAS FREDERICK GASCOIGNE.

Sir Alvary Gascoigne, lately his Majesty's Political Representative in Japan, is to be Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary in Moscow in succession to Sir David Kelly, who will shortly be retiring. He was Political Representative in Hungary from 1945 to 1946 and Consul-General at Tangier from 1939 to 1944.



# The World of the Cinema.

## BOFFINS AND YANGLIES.

By ALAN DENT.

HOW I envy in my colleagues their airy gift for keeping ahead of the times! Take this matter, for example, of hard-working brand-new words before they are well out of their swaddling-clothes, *i.e.*, their inverted commas. It is difficult to find a single critic writing about "No Highway" without applying the epithet "boffin" to the absent-minded American professor played by James Stewart. It is deplorably

he discovers that he is travelling in a *Reindeer* which has done just under 1400 flying hours. It is, of course, a variant of Sir Max Beerbohm's wonderful tale of a man who read imminent death in the hands of all his fellow-passengers in a railway compartment. But the suspense effect is undeniable and irresistible.

Honey's unpracticality has already been insisted on in order to make us accept the possibility that such a man would enter a *Reindeer* without noting that it was a *Reindeer*. We have, for example, seen him early on in the film trying to enter his own front door and then being apprised by the jammed key that this was a front door a dozen yards from his own. But once we have granted that a Honey could find himself in such a dilemma in mid-air, his distraction is the most delicately alarming thing—and Mr. Stewart's performance keeps it so. He is a widower, with a single little daughter at home, and his condition interests two of the passengers particularly. One is a

apprised that the sphinx-like film-star flew straight back to England with comforts and clothes for Honey's little daughter, and there found the spruce little stewardess already in charge as the professor's nurse, philosopher and friend? There is no battle between the ladies. Miss Dietrich pats the child, beams at the self-appointed Nannie, murmurs some words of worldly wisdom, and goes off into the night and back to a life of loneliness, diamonds, mink, perfume, resignation, ineffability. All of these qualities and desiderata, and many more, are in the final shrug of those timeless shoulders.

Incidentally, this is a very good performance indeed. And there are contributions almost as good from sterling English actors like Jack Hawkins and Ronald Squire and several others. But it goes without saying that it is Mr. Stewart's Honey who will be longest remembered. To Miss Lejeune's magistral sketch of his attributes one would only add a gamp grasped in the middle, and a pair of glasses one limb of which has got lost for ever and cannot, in the nature of Honey's existence, ever know replacement.

The character whom Alec Guinness plays in "The Man in the White Suit" is a boffin of another sort, a meek and mild young man in a textile factory (research department) who, as much to his own astonishment as anybody else's, invents a fabric, suitable for wearing apparel, which will not soil and which lasts for ever. The film has been adapted from an unacted play by Roger MacDougall, and the direction is by Alexander Mackendrick, who made the delicious "Whisky Galore."

This is an odd film. It develops rather disconcertingly from farce into a sad-sour key of angry comedy (both Capital and Labour falling foul of the discovery and coming to blows about it). It all ends, too, on a mistaken Chaplinesque note with the wonderful invention disintegrating in a way which, one supposes, should not be divulged. One way and another, there is definitely a little too much of "Ealing formula" about this film. And it would be gratifying, just once in a way, to have a production from this first-rate workshop whose events did not culminate in a chase through the streets, and over the roof-tops, and hither and yonder.

Perhaps Ealing is being almost too native to sustain its high quality. Perhaps that beautiful actor, Mr. Guinness, will for his next Ealing film submit to being



A BRITISH FILM WHICH "DEVELOPS RATHER DISCONCERTINGLY FROM FARCE INTO A SAD-SOUR KEY OF ANGRY COMEDY": "THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT," SHOWING A SCENE IN THE FILM IN WHICH SIDNEY (ALEC GUINNESS) IS PUZZLED BY THE ATTITUDE OF THE MILL-OWNERS TO HIS INVENTION OF A FABRIC, SUITABLE FOR WEARING APPAREL, WHICH WILL NOT SOIL AND WHICH LASTS FOR EVER.

The film "The Man in the White Suit" (a Michael Balcon production) has been adapted from an unacted play by Roger MacDougall, and the direction is by Alexander Mackendrick who made "Whisky Galore." Our photograph of a scene from the film shows (l. to r.) Cranford (Howard Marion-Crawford), Sidney (Alec Guinness), Michael (Michael Cough), Birnley (Cecil Parker) and Sir John (Ernest Thesiger; seated at desk). Alec Guinness plays the part of a meek and mild young man in the research department of a textile factory.

ignorant of me, but I know not the origin of this word "boffin." He sounds as though he may be a character in some modern novel, but I must be frank and own that I have met no one of that name in literature excepting Dickens' Nicodemus Boffin. ("Do you like the name of Nicodemus? Think it over. Nick or Noddy," said Mr. Boffin to Mr. Wegg.) But 't is quite clear that the new "boffin" no more derives from this illustrious but by no means absent-minded character than the novels of Messrs. Balchin, Shute and Co. derive from "Our Mutual Friend."

Writing of "No Highway," the witty and incisive Miss Lejeune tells us that "James Stewart, with his bright eye, waddling walk, out-thrust neck, ruffled plumes, and general appearance of a grotesque fledgling bird, demonstrates once and for all why a boffin is called a boffin." So there you are! Unique among my colleagues, the incisive and witty Miss Powell does not use the new word. But she uses another word, still more startlingly new. In her reference to the fact that "No Highway" is an American film made in England, she says: "This is technically a yanglie: American director, American stars, made in England. But it is the most Anglo of the yanglies yet; the mood is ironic and composed, and when a 'plane disaster is threatened, no panic sets in among the crew." A yanglie! It is a word that makes one want to yell in protest. But one must not panic. One's mood should be "ironic and composed."

In some such mood let me give some indication of the course of events in "No Highway" and also in "The Man in the White Suit," a film as utterly English as Ealing can make it, but which I shall nevertheless refrain from calling an "anglie."

The professor, or "boffin," is one Theodore Honey, a Rhodes Scholar who has come to England to do research work on behalf of British Aircraft. He has evolved a theory of his own into a mathematical certainty that the tail of a certain brand of Transatlantic aircraft, called the *Reindeer*, is bound to drop off after 1400 flying hours. Honey is sent to Labrador to investigate a recent disaster to a *Reindeer*. And sure enough, when he is on the way

mature and streamlined film-star (Marlene Dietrich)—a favourite in the "movies" of the late Mrs. Honey and therefore a positive *Dea* in *Machina* to Honey himself. Willingly shall I see this film all over again in order to view the astounding Miss Dietrich's exquisitely faint quiver of repulsion at the professor's suggestion that she should seek immediate safety by sitting on the floor of the "men's room" in the tail of the 'plane!

The other interested traveller is a neat and spruce little stewardess (Glynis Johns), and Honey's helpless state goes directly to her efficient little heart. The film's brilliant direction (Henry Koster) shows in nothing more cleverly than in the stoical but ever so slightly ruffled behaviour of the very English crew with this very eccentric passenger. Whether the 'plane's tail breaks off or not every good filmgoer must wait and find out for himself or herself. But what undoubtedly does break off is the tail of the film itself! For what nonsense is this at the end whereby we are



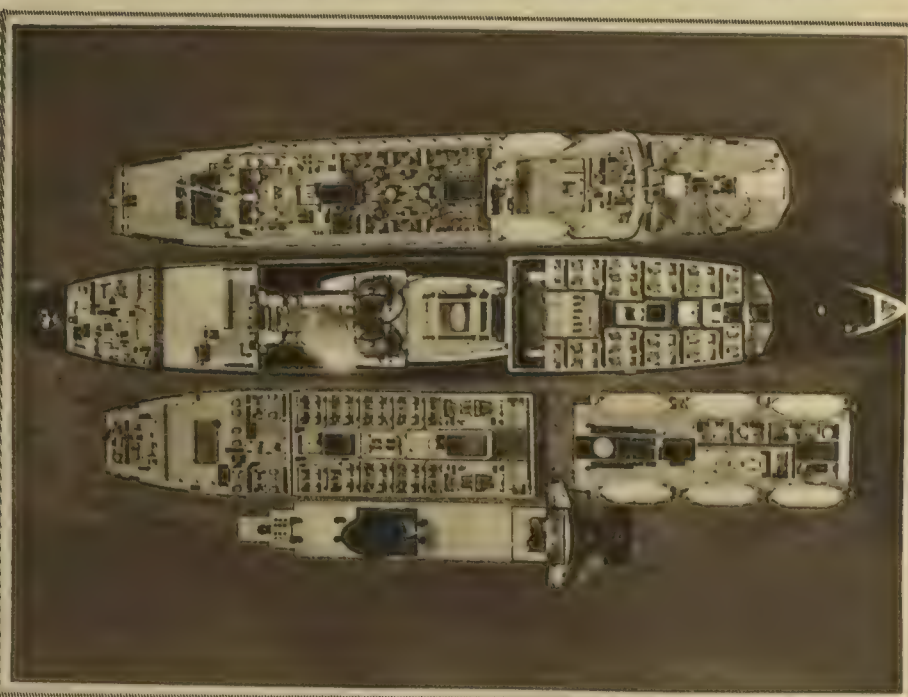
"A VARIANT OF SIR MAX BEERBOHM'S WONDERFUL TALE OF A MAN WHO READ IMMINENT DEATH IN THE HANDS OF ALL HIS FELLOW-PASSENGERS IN A RAILWAY COMPARTMENT": "NO HIGHWAY," A SCENE FROM THE FILM, SHOWING (L. TO R.) MARJORIE CORDER, THE STEWARDESS (GLYNIS JOHNS), MR. HONEY (JAMES STEWART) AND MONICA TEASDALE (MARLENE DIETRICH).

"No Highway" (20th Century-Fox), based on the novel by Nevil Shute, is an American film made in England. It tells the story of an absent-minded research worker at the Royal Aircraft Establishment (James Stewart) and his theory that the tail of a Transatlantic aircraft, called the *Reindeer*, is bound to drop off after 1400 flying hours. He discovers on a journey to Labrador that he is himself travelling in a *Reindeer*. The part of the "neat and spruce" little stewardess is played by Glynis Johns; and that of a fellow-passenger, "a mature and streamlined film-star," is played by Marlene Dietrich.

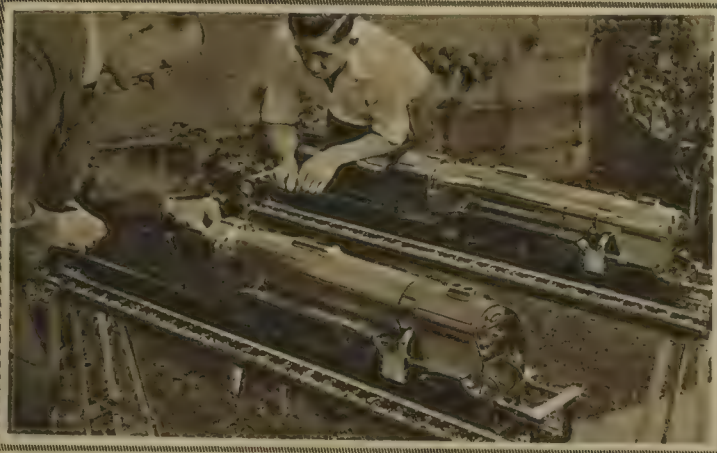
directed by an American instead of a native, or else choose a story of American origin. Then we can have the satisfaction of seeing him soar to a quite new and unquestioned triumph in something I cannot remember ever emanating from Ealing. I mean, of course, a yanglie.



## CRAFTSMANSHIP OF TO-DAY: HIGH LIGHTS OF "THE MODEL ENGINEER" SHOW.



SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF THE S.S. ARNHEM (SEE ALSO ON LEFT), WHICH IS COMPLETE IN INTERIOR DETAIL: A VIEW OF THE MODEL WITH HER DECKS REMOVED.



FATHER AND SON IN COMPETITION: MR. S. G. THOROLD AND HIS SON WITH THEIR MODELS OF THE LOCOMOTIVE GREAT NORTHERN.



EXHIBITED BY MR. W. C. GAY, OF HAYES, MIDDLESEX: A WORKING MODEL OF AN 18TH-CENTURY SEA MORTAR, OR "LOBBING POT."

EXHIBITED AT "THE MODEL ENGINEER" EXHIBITION BY MR. W. BROGAN: THE BRITISH RAILWAYS' S.S. *Arnhem* WITH FULLY FITTED INTERIOR TO A SCALE OF  $\frac{1}{4}$  IN. TO 1 FT. A WORKING MODEL WITH 118 CABINS, BATHROOMS AND DINING-ROOM.



ENTERED BY ONE OF THE THREE WOMEN COMPETITORS: A MODEL OF THE RAFT USED BY THE KON-TIKI EXPEDITION; BY MISS D. KIMBER.



ENTERED BY MRS. MONTAGU-FERGUSON, ONE OF THREE WOMEN COMPETITORS: A FINE MODEL OF A SYRIAN SCHOONER WITH SAILS SET.



CAPABLE OF CLIMBING OBSTACLES AND RADIO-CONTROLLED: MR. A. T. TAMPLIN'S 4-FT. MODEL OF A CHURCHILL TANK, WHICH WEIGHS  $2\frac{1}{2}$  CWT. AND IS VALUED AT £500.

"The Model Engineer" Exhibition at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster (August 22 to September 1), holds much of interest not only for the model-maker but for those who appreciate craftsmanship and the appeal of the miniature. Like Gulliver, we can wander through a land where familiar things, such as locomotives and cross-Channel boats, are reduced to a scale of  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. to 1 ft. During the run of the Exhibition miniature Grand Prix motor-racing by scale models on a detailed track can be seen for the first time, and other wonders include radio-controlled warships and racing yachts. Perhaps the most ambitious



A SCALE FREE FLIGHT MODEL OF AN AIR AMBULANCE: MR. E. J. PITHERS WITH HIS BRISTOL BRANDON MADE TO A SCALE OF 1 IN. TO 1 FT.

and ingenious model of its type ever shown to the public is the 2½-cwt. *Churchill* tank illustrated on this page. Under radio control the turret revolves, the gun fires, and a smoke-screen is laid. It is valued at £500 and took 2500 working hours to build. The ship models include the S.S. *Arnhem*, whose decks can be removed to expose the interior, which is complete in every detail, with its cabins fitted with bunks, wash-basins and mats. Railway enthusiasts find much to see, from a complete 00-gauge model railway layout to models of the *Great Northern* constructed by a father and son to the same scale in competition.



## THE CUCKOO ON THE POST: HOW MEADOW-PIPITS SOLVED THE



ARRIVING WITH FOOD: THE MEADOW-PIPIT APPROACHING THE YOUNG CUCKOO. ADULT CUCKOOS ARE USEFUL, FOR THEY CONSUME MANY INJURIOUS INSECTS.



USING ITS WINGS AS BRAKES: THE MEADOW-PIPIT ABOUT TO PLACE A JUICY MORSEL IN THE WIDE-OPEN BEAK OF ITS CUCKOO FOSTER-CHILD.



SHOWING THE KENNESS OF THE FOSTER PARENT TO FEED THE CUCKOO: THE FOOD IS INSIDE THE BIRD'S MOUTH BEFORE THE PIPIT HAS EVEN ALIGHTED.



ANOTHER METHOD OF TACKLING THE FEEDING PROBLEM: THE MEADOW-PIPIT, AFTER ALIGHTING ON THE YOUNG CUCKOO'S BACK, PLACES THE FOOD INSIDE THE BIRD'S BEAK.

In these days of rising costs the feeding of a family represents a problem to most parents, but when the parents have a child—albeit an only child—that turns out to be far larger than themselves, the difficulties are more complex from the point of view of tactics if not of economics. The methods employed by a pair of meadow-pipits to feed the "cuckoo in the nest" can be seen in the photographs on these pages, which were taken by Mr. Walter E. Higham, who writes: "When the cuckoo could fly it was taken from the nest and placed on a convenient post several yards away. A hide was put up 4 or 5 ft. away, and I decided to use high-speed flash to get some action photographs. Two lamps were erected about 4½ ft. away; a powerful light, 400 joules, being employed. After the first few

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER E. HIGHAM, F.R.P.S.

flashes the birds ignored the light. During the hours I spent in the hide both pipits were in attendance and with clockwork regularity they both fed the greedy young cuckoo. As the bird was not on level ground they were forced to adopt unusual methods to feed it, and they did their best to get the cuckoo away from the post. On at least a dozen occasions the cuckoo flew to meet the approaching birds and eventually, attended by the pipits, flew away for good. To take the photographs I used a synchronised camera shutter working a reputed 1/400th of a second. This, using a stop between f22 and f32, when the sun is not shining, prevents daylight registering altogether, and during this brief exposure the flash was synchronised to go off, the speed being around 1/3500th of a second."

## FEEDING PROBLEM AS SEEN BY THE HIGH-SPEED CAMERA.



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK—FEEDING A CUCKOO ON A POST: A MEADOW-PIPIT BEARING FOOD FOR ITS LARGE FOSTER-CHILD TACKLES THE PROBLEM BY STANDING FIRMLY ON THE BIRD'S BROAD BACK



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is surprising at first glance, when one comes to think of it, how rarely novelists have used the theme of power, success, the struggle for advancement, in a business-like way. Success is usually a fairy-tale theme—the writer who wakes up to find himself famous, the little understudy who brings down the house. The man of power is something set up to gape at, some ready-made Napoleon or strong-jawed captain of industry. It is exceptional to be presented with the real thing—the actual process of arriving, on its human side. Of course there must be reasons, and two occur to me off-hand. Writers are usually ill-placed for observing the real thing; and getting on is not, in most of us, a major passion. All men are vain, and what is more important, vain all the time, with an unsleeping vigilance. They can all revel in a dream of glory. But when it comes to practical ambition, to success as a job of work, most of them are inclined to flag; they would enjoy it, but they don't care to peg away at it.

So the neglect of "personal politics" in fiction does not hit the eye. Yet it is a real theme, capable of generating an intense excitement. "The Masters," by C. P. Snow (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), is, first and foremost, quite unreasonably gripping. As usual, Lewis Eliot is the narrator. The Master of his Cambridge college is about to die; the office will be vacant, probably within a few months. The very moment they hear—and even if, like Chrystal, they have been devoted to the dying man—the thirteen members of the college are election-conscious. And very soon two parties have been formed. Paul Jago is an undistinguished scholar married to a social pest, but he is warm, imaginative, sympathetic; his rival, Crawford, though a scientist of mark and an extremely sensible man, is smug and second-rate emotionally. Jago has a promoter in the cautious, "statesman-like" Arthur Brown, and Eliot is on his side. He makes a good start, and looks like winning easily. But as the months of waiting are prolonged, there are defections, stresses, unexpected lurches, till it has become a very close thing indeed.

And the intrigue is wonderfully gripping all through. This is the most dramatic of the writer's novels, and I think the best as a whole. It would be wicked to reveal the outcome—at least, as bad as giving the solution of a thriller. Yet, paradoxically, the excitement is completely detached. The prize is no great matter in itself, and in the story it is not magnified. Nor does one care especially who gets it; at least, I didn't, and if anything I was on the wrong side. The strength of Jago's claim is that he wants the bauble so cruelly; no doubt that would have driven one to vote for him in practice. But otherwise there is a great deal to be said for Crawford, the second-rater.

But one need not lean either way. The source of fascinated interest is the conflict as such, developing over a twelvemonth in a small, familiar, enclosed society, with every unacknowledged motive in the limelight. This is the author's field, and almost his monopoly. The background, visual and social, has a poignant, though discreet, charm. And, finally, I can't forbear to cheer that irresistible old humbug, Professor Gay.

"The Clown," by E. J. Oliver (Cape; 10s. 6d.), is a decidedly appealing novel, though a misfire. It is about a child growing up to be a "good old comic" in the Leno vein. The curtain rises on his first pantomime, and falls on him as Widow Twankey in the same piece. Meanwhile he has endured the agonies of school; after an interlude in Paris, he has gone to Oxford; he has been in love three times, aspired to Hamlet's rôle, espoused a budding queen of night, and spent a short time in uniform. And that may be enough to indicate the flaw. The story moves full circle, to the *temps retrouvé* of the last act, but the effect of shapeliness is something added. There seems no driving impulse as you go along, and Tommy, after all, appears, not as a clown in embryo, but merely as a small boy growing up.

As such he is both true and winning. The childish scenes are truth itself, and admirably detailed, like a clear memory in which the central feeling is intact, the shell of meaning filled out by time. These virtues of precision and attractiveness run through the book. Its tone is reticent, amused, amusing; it is always kind, and has a streak of sadness, not overdone. In short, the one thing seriously lacking is motive force.

"Judgment on Deltchev," by Eric Ambler (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), may be said to have too much; at any rate, it has two planes of excitement, almost two kinds of subject. Foster, who tells the story, has been commissioned to report the trial of Yordan Deltchev for an American newspaper. He is by trade a dramatist, and therefore quite green—much greener than he knows, though his employer's agent in the Balkan capital is always warning him. At first the set-up looks as glaring as can be—the usual farce of liquidating a political opponent in the name of justice. Deltchev is charged with treason and a murderous association with terrorists, and he is obviously not that kind of man. And yet—what is he really like? Why, at a crucial point in his career, did he betray his side and toss the country to his future hangmen? And now, what has the prosecution up its sleeve? Some truth there would appear to be in the alleged murder plot, yet it seems too fantastic to be credible.

The first problem—Deltchev's political career and motives—is a theme in itself. The second leads us headlong into an entangled thriller, full of cross-purposes and double-crosses, in the writer's most expert vein. And yet I rather wished that he had stuck to high seriousness.

"The Secret Meeting," by John Rhode (Bles; 9s. 6d.), starts with a small advertisement for an Icelandic cruise. It looks all right—but not, on second thoughts, to Jimmy Waghorn and his henchmen. So they call on the "agent," and find an attic office near Gray's Inn Road, housing an unidentifiable corpse. Jimmy is stuck. Then Captain Boughton, M.P., gets himself murdered on the train to Wingborough, and he is stuck again. Boughton was highly popular with his constituents, and wholly dim in the House; at first there seems no shadow of a motive. One finally suggests itself—but Dr. Priestley views it with scorn, and predicates a link with the former case. As you may well surmise. These sober, classical practitioners, though not the gayest of their kind, are always a refreshment somehow. This is Rhode in good form.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

REMARKABLY fine chess is being played nowadays in many an unexpected place.

I have mentioned in these notes the brilliance of Carlos Torre of Mexico. Even he was surpassed by Cuba's Jose Raoul Capablanca, the best player the New World ever produced. I have mentioned how Turkey had its own chess magazine for some time after the war.

Only a week or two ago, I told how Egypt had suddenly developed at least one first-class player and reappeared in the world arena after centuries of isolation. An occurrence somewhat similar was reported to me by a traveller who visited a remote village in Madagascar about 1936. There he found natives playing with skill a chess unlike ours of to-day, but closely resembling the chess of fourteenth-century Arabia. Arabian traders have, I understand, visited Madagascar from time immemorial.

When I gave a simultaneous display in Akureyri, in the extreme north of Iceland, in 1946, its 5000 inhabitants provided opposition as skilled and fierce as I have encountered anywhere. At Grimsey, a tiny island sixty-five miles farther north in the Arctic sea, were excellent players, they told me, and a chess library of hundreds of books.

My articles in *The Illustrated London News* and elsewhere have brought me correspondence from Papua, Fiji, Ecuador, the Belgian Congo, Japan, Siam—name any country you like, and the odds are that I shall be able to trace some letter from it in my files.

My friend Lieut.-Colonel F. P. Goldney is a first-class amateur. He entertained, and sparred with, the Serbian Grand-master Boris Kostich in India, between the wars. When drafted to the Faeroe Islands in 1940, subsequently to become O.C. the garrison there, he hardly expected to find chess-players capable of testing him seriously. He was amazed to find several who could trounce him!

As so often in history, the land absorbed its invader. Captivated by the simple charm of the tiny community (or ensnared—who knows?—by some hasty vow not to leave until he had bested all the islands' experts), he remained behind when his garrison departed.

He sends me these two games from a recent match there. Good chess by any standards; considering where played, quite astonishingly good!

F. P.	OLAV	F. P.	OLAV
GOLDNEY.	ANDREASEN.	GOLDNEY.	ANDREASEN.
1. P-K4	P-K4	10. P×Kt	B×P
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	11. Q-Kt3	B×R
3. B-B4	B-B4	12. B×Pch	K-B1
4. P-QB3	Kt-KB3	13. R-K1	B-Q2
5. P-Q4	P×P	14. B-Kt5	Kt-K2
6. P×P	B-Kt5ch	15. B-R5	P-Kt3
7. Kt-B3	Kt×KP	16. Kt-K5	Q-K1
8. Castles	P-Q4	17. B-R6 mate.	
9. B×P	Kt×Kt		

F. P.	OLAV	F. P.	OLAV
GOLDNEY.	ANDREASEN.	GOLDNEY.	ANDREASEN.
1. P-K4	P-K4	11. Q-Kt5	B-Q3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	12. Q×P	Kt-R6ch
3. B-Kt5	Kt-B3	13. P×Kt	P×B
4. Castles	B-B4	14. Q-Kt2	R-R5
5. P-B3	Kt×P	15. Q×BP	QB×P
6. P-Q4	P×P	16. R-K1	B×Pch
7. P×P	B-Kt5	17. R-K1	Q×BP
8. Q-K2	P-Q4	18. Q-K4	B-Kt6
9. Kt-Kt5	Castles		Resigns.
10. B×Kt	Kt×Kt		

schooner . . . where my eiderdown sleeping-bag shared the small surface of planking with the serpentine coils of the anchor chain." Wherever it was written, it was excellently written—and is a healthy reminder to the cosy and the stay-at-home that there are still parts of the world where modern civilisation can assist but not protect, and where human courage and physical endurance are still prime qualities.

I first met Lord Tweedsmuir as an Oxford undergraduate. As a loyal Oxonian and one with a highly developed historical sense, he would approve "Oxford: University and City," by A. R. Woolley (Art and Technics; 21s.). Too often books about either of the great Universities get bogged down in the detailed history of individual institutions, so that, as it were, they cannot see the university or the city for the colleges. Mr. Woolley has hit on the excellent plan of dealing with the history of Oxford—both town and gown—as a whole, and as a continuous story. The result—and the first-class photographs which illustrate it—is most successful.

The same can be said for "The Cambridge Scene," by Barbara Hirschenhauser (Bones; 10s. 6d.). Apart from a short foreword by the Master of Trinity, this book consists entirely of photographs—and first-class they are, too.

As fine, or even finer, are the photographs in "The Scottish Scene," taken by Alfred Furness (Allen and Unwin; 30s.). Mr. John Weir contributes a text which is a model combination of history, and literary allusion spiced with considerable humour.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## THIS ANCIENT LAND.

ARCHÆOLOGISTS are only sometimes skilled writers, yet the raw material of their work is of such interest that it is possible to overlook their lack of skill with a pen. When one comes across an archæologist who can write—such as Mrs. Jacquetta Hawkes—the combination of literary skill and subject-matter is irresistible. Those who read her earlier book, "Prehistoric Britain," will remember the short "archæological guide" Mrs. Hawkes included in it. Encouraged by its reception, Mrs. Hawkes has now gone one better. In "A Guide to the Prehistoric and Roman Monuments in England and Wales" (Chatto and Windus; 18s.), Mrs. Hawkes takes the reader—wearing her learning as lightly as gossamer—through the coloured counties and back into the ancient past, the evidence of which lies beneath our feet or all about those with eyes to see.

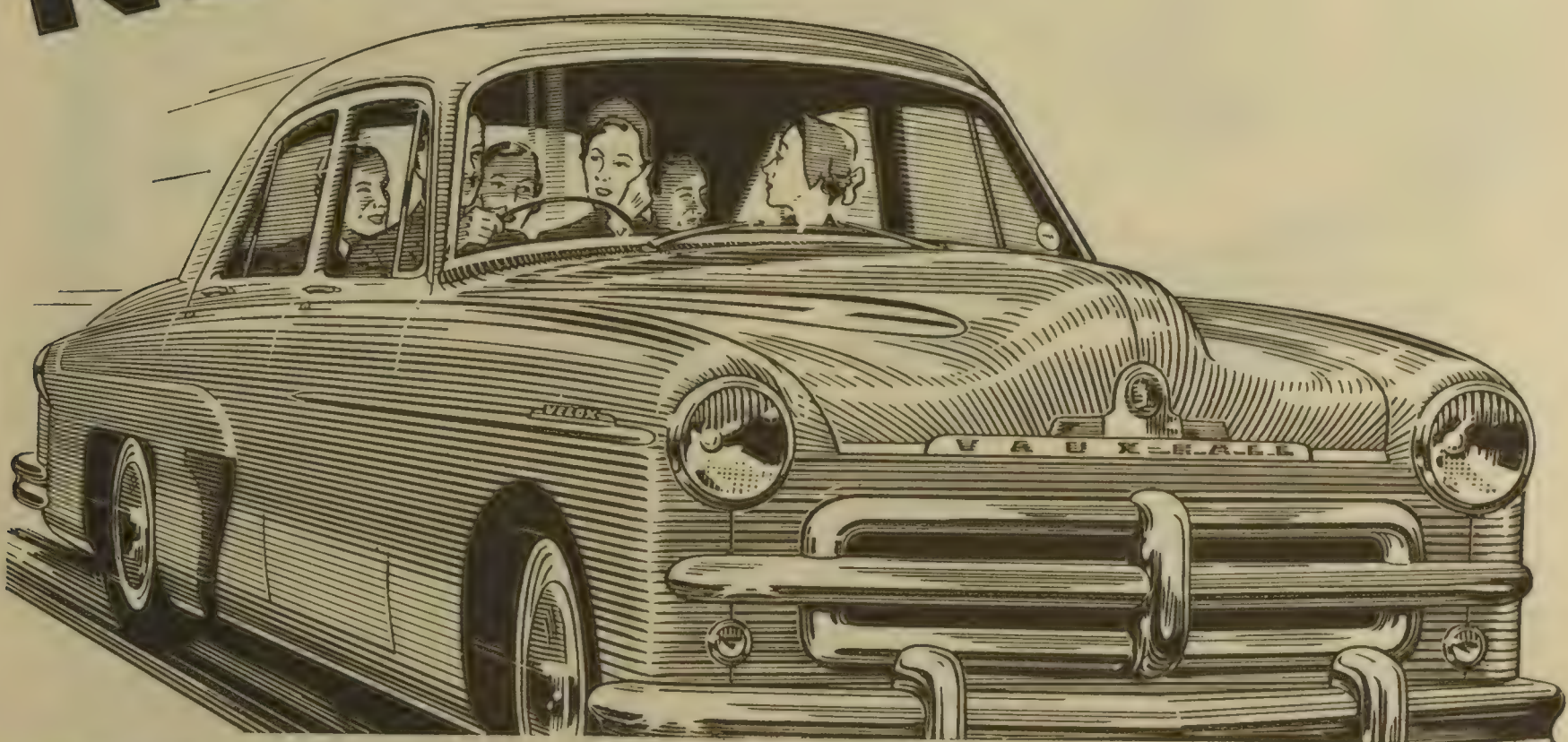
The phrase "the living past" is no empty one for her. Nor is it (when she acts as guide) to the reader. Although occasionally the demands of continuity take the story through prehistoric and Roman into Saxon, or even Norman, times, as far as possible she sticks to her self-imposed brief. The England through which she conducts us is the oldest England—an England where much is uncertainty and much conjecture, but which, nevertheless, is part of the country which the slow-maturing centuries have evolved into the England of to-day. As Mrs. Hawkes says, the fact that our culture has its roots deep in the past is not of small importance. "Anyone who has travelled in the Middle West of America must have felt the desolation which seems to rise like a fog from territories mauled by man but lacking any of the attributes of history. It is not only that the visible remains of antiquity are lacking, the countryside itself is quite without the forms of slow growth and maturity—the sure but sensitive lines with which lanes, farms, cottages, lead up to the great house or country town; the delicate precision with which this pattern of human settlement is related to the natural features of the land. There in the Middle West the straight roads and scattered shacks have been imposed by the motor-car and their design is as lifeless and mechanical." All of which is pretty tough on the Middle West, but which does not detract from Mrs. Hawkes' main point—that history is a continuous process and it is not only interesting but important to remember that in this island there is "a whole countryside which has been cleared, cultivated, matured and embellished through the service of three hundred generations."

The greatest wealth of England's prehistory is to be found on the hills. The low-lying land was, to our ancestors, a dangerous tangle of jungle and swamp. Only on the hill-tops—the North and South Downs, the Chilterns, the Cotswolds—could they find comparative safety and grazing for their beasts, and so it is not surprising that much of Mrs. Hawkes' guide-book deals with these areas. Wessex, of course, is, as Mrs. Hawkes says, "the core and propelling heart of the whole of prehistoric Britain away from the highland country"; and to that lovely region she devotes a great deal of attention. What I like particularly about her, however, is the fact that, while she brings the past to life for us, she doesn't cheat. That is to say, if she does not know the purpose of some ancient, man-made arrangement of rocks, she admits it, and does not attempt to confuse history with conjecture. The book is excellently illustrated, and both in style and manner has an agreeable charm of its own.

Few territories can have so little history or present fewer opportunities to the archæologist than the vast extent of the frozen North, about which Lord Tweedsmuir writes in "Hudson's Bay Trader" (Clerke and Cockeran; 15s.). To say that Lord Tweedsmuir is versatile is to misuse the word by understatement. Ex-colonial Civil Servant, explorer, businessman, gallant soldier, politician, chairman of innumerable bodies, a most effective speaker in the House of Lords and elsewhere, Lord Tweedsmuir has packed more into his forty-odd years than most octogenarians do in a lifetime. He is indeed a worthy son of his father, John Buchan. And he, too, can write. To convey to other people an adequate impression of hardships suffered or wonder felt, demands a very special gift for presentation in any writer. Lord Tweedsmuir, in this description of a year spent attached to a Hudson's Bay fur-trading post in Baffin Land—a year during which they were so completely cut off from the outside world that they knew nothing of such things as Munich or the German invasion of Czechoslovakia—reveals just that quality. The book is constructed from a diary written by lamplight in winter or in the never-ending daylight of the summer months or, as he says, "in snow-houses on the winter trail, lying in a sleeping-bag, comforted by the friendly roar of a Primus stove—some was written in a tiny wooden cabin in the bows of our little Peterhead



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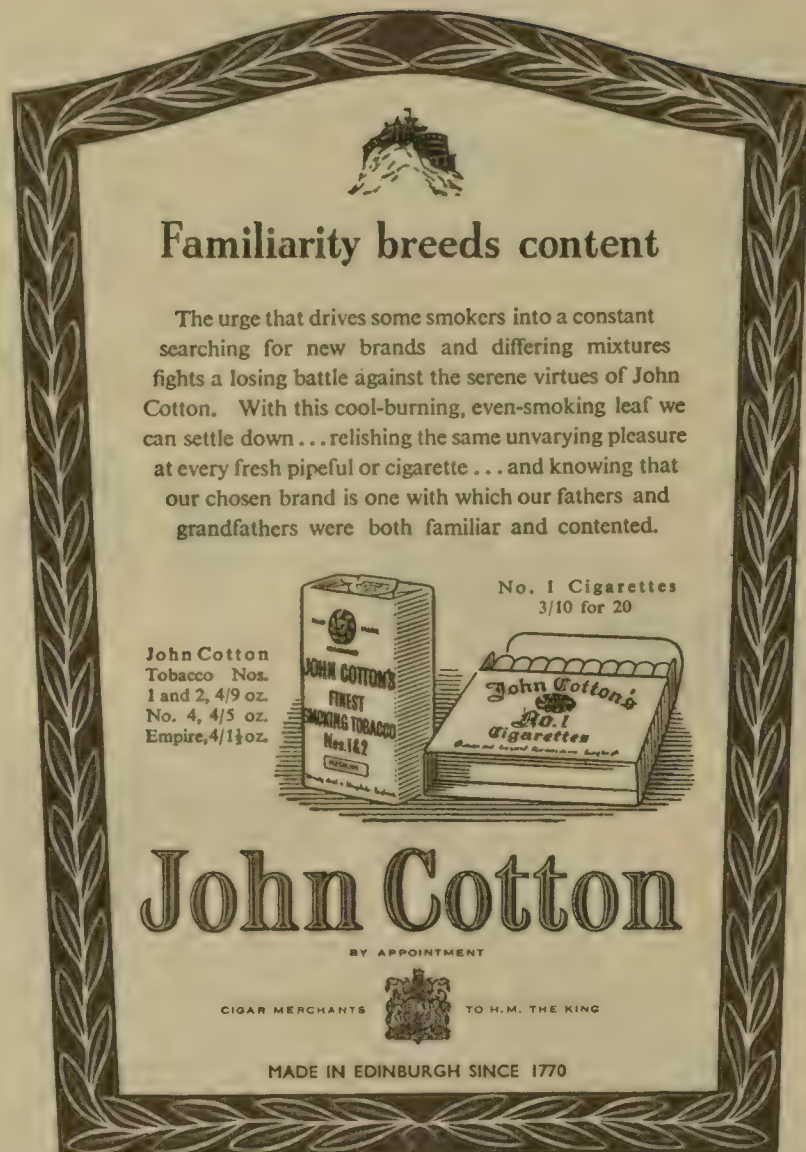
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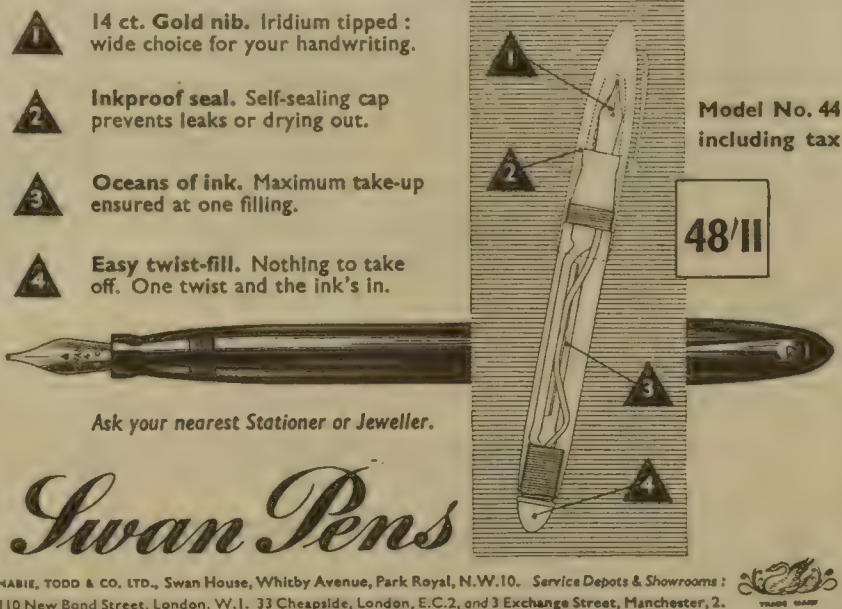
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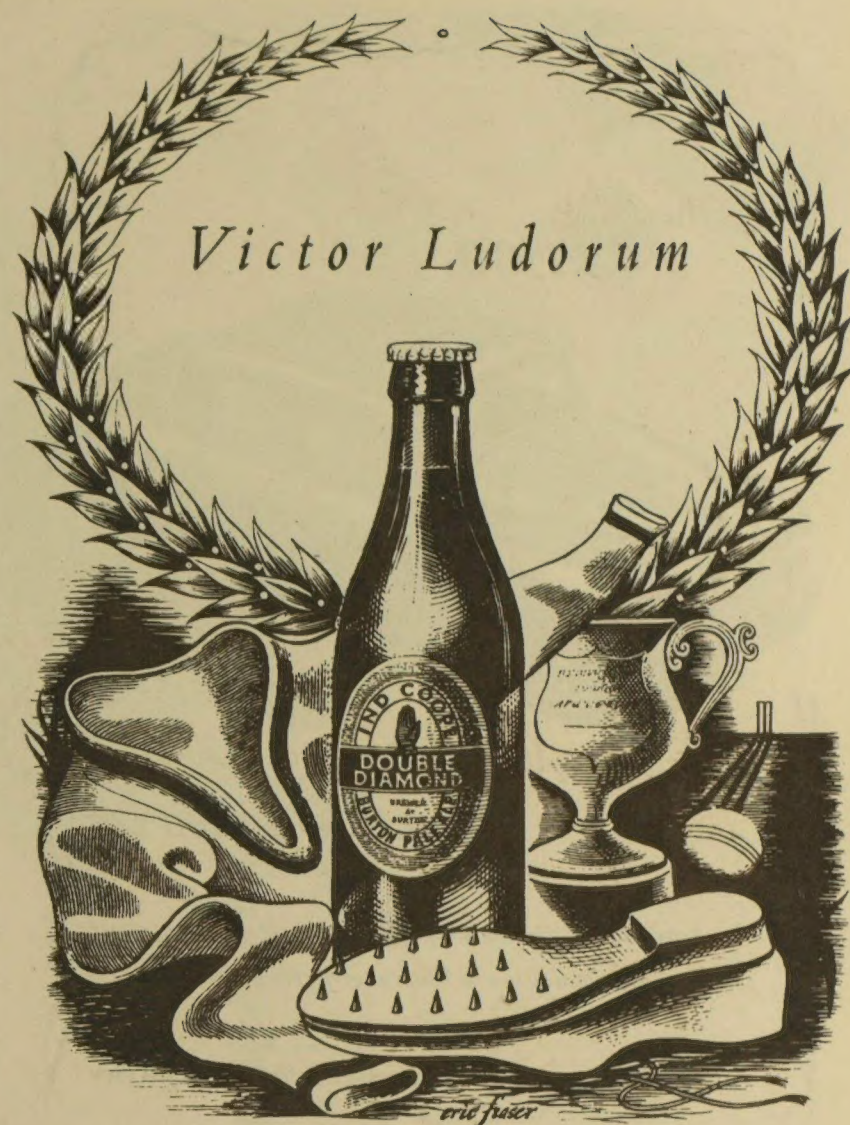
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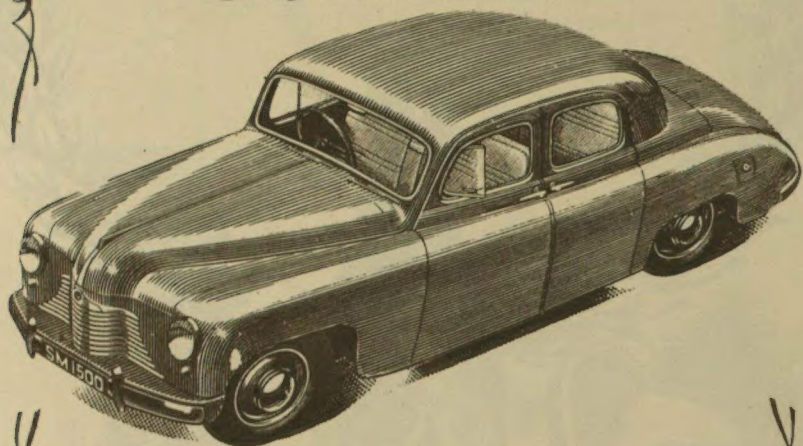

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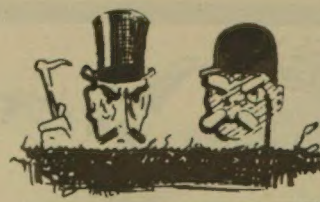


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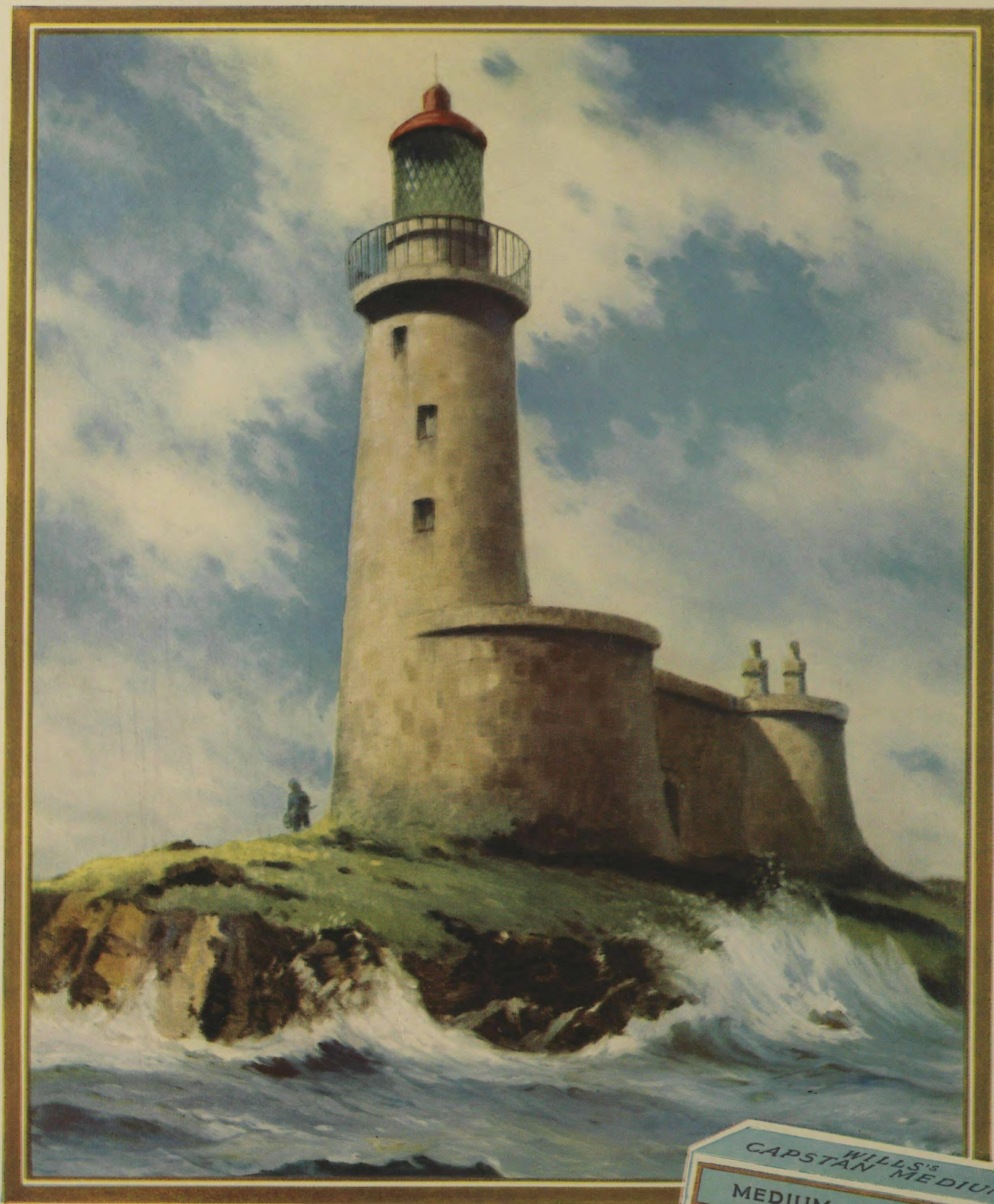
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## *Longstones Lighthouse in 1838*

THE SCENE OF GRACE DARLING'S HEROISM

A hundred years ago, charge of a lighthouse was often entrusted to a family: the keeper's wife, and his children when above a certain age, were paid as 'assistant keepers'. The heroine Grace Darling and her mother were assistant keepers at the Longstones Lighthouse, one of two lights which have marked the Farne Islands, off the Northumberland coast, for about a century and a half.

Grace, a skilled and daring boatwoman since childhood, had long dreamt of performing some deed comparable with those she had read about in books of adventure at sea. It was at her insistence that she and her father rowed to the s.s. "Forfarshire" wrecked on the Hawkers Rocks, a mile out, during a great gale on September 7th, 1838. They rescued all the survivors and nursed them in the lighthouse until they could be moved to the mainland.

Grace Darling was only twenty-five when she died four years later, while yet at the height of her immense celebrity. She had refused all offers which would take her away from the lighthouse.

